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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

POETICAL WORKS

ROBERT T. LOVING



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ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

To which is prefixed an Account of the
LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

BY W. KENRICK, LL.D.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR T. EVANS IN THE STRAND.

M D C C L X X I V.

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PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

S E C O N D V O L U M E.

	Page
A Dialogue between the Author and his Friend - - - - -	I
The Poet, an Epistle to C. Churchill -	17
The Two Rubric Posts, a Dialogue - -	33
Song, - - - - -	36
A Familiar Epistle to J. B. Esq; - -	37
The Milk Maid - - - - -	51
A Familiar Epistle from the Rev. Mr. Han- bury's Horse to the Rev. Mr. Scot -	54
The New River Head, A Tale, attempted in the manner of C. Denis, inscribed to John Wilkes, Esq; - - - -	63
A Familiar Letter of Rhymes to a Lady -	78
The Cobler of Tiffington's Letter to David Garrick, Esq; 1761. - - - -	90
The Cobler of Cripplegate's Letter to Robert Lloyd, A. M. - - - - -	97
VOL. II. a	On

	Page
On Rhyme, a Familiar Epistle to a Friend	105
A Familiar Epistle to a Friend who sent him a Hamper of Wine - - -	119
The Candle and Snuffers, A Fable -	132
The Temple of Favour - - -	135
The Spirit of Contradiction, A Tale -	144
A Familiar Epistle to ***** - -	149
Charity, A Fragment, inscribed to the Rev. Mr. Hanbury - - - -	155
The Whim, an Epistle to Mr. W. Woty	166
Ode to Genius - - - -	173
Prologus, 1757 - - - -	176
Prologus, 1758 - - - -	178
Prologus, 1759 - - - -	180
Epilogus in Adelphos, 1759 - -	182
Recte statuit Baxterus de Somniorum Phæ- nomenis - - - -	183
Carmina ad Nobilissimum Thomam Holles Ducem de Newcastle inscripta, cum Academiam Cantabrigiensem Bibliothecæ Restituendæ causa inviseret - -	186
Ad Cancellarium - - - -	187
An Elegy written in a Country Church- yard, by Mr. Gray - - -	188
Carmen Elegiacum in Cimæterio Rustico compositum - - - -	189
The	

	Page
The Epitaph - - - - -	204
Epitaphium - - - - -	205
Song, by a Person of Quality - -	206
Carmen Elegans - - - - -	207
Part of Homer's Hymn to Apollo, translated from the Greek - - - - -	210
From Catullus - - - - -	221
The first Book of the Henriade, translated from the French of M. de Voltaire	222

4

P O E M S.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

F R I E N D.

YO U say, "it hurts you to the soul
To brook confinement or controul."
And yet will voluntary run
To that confinement you would shun,
Content to drudge along the track,
With bells and harness on your back.
Alas! what genius can admit
A monthly tax on spendthrift wit,
Which often flings whole stores away,
And oft has not a doit to pay!
—Give us a work, indeed—of length—
Something which speaks poetic strength;
Is sluggish fancy at a stand?
No scheme of consequence in hand?

VOL. II.

A

I, nor

I, nor your plan, nor book condemn,
But why your name, and why A, M?

AUTHOR.

Yes—it stands forth to public view,
Within, without, on white, on blue,
In proper, tall, gigantic Letters,
Not dash'd—emvowell'd—like my betters.

And though it stares me in the face,
Reflects no shame, hints no disgrace.

While these unlaboured trifles please,
Familiar chains are worn with ease.

—Behold ! to yours and my surprize,
These trifles to a VOLUME rise.

Thus will you see me, as I go,
Still gath'ring bulk like balls of snow,

Steal by degrees upon your shelf,
And grow a giant from an elf.

The current studies of the day,

Can rarely reach beyond a PLAY :

A PAMPHLET may deserve a look,

But Heav'n defend us from a BOOK !

A LIBEL flies on Scandal's wings,

But works of length are heavy things.

—Not one in twenty will succeed—

Consider, fir, how few can read.

FRIEND.

F R I E N D.

I mean a work of *merit*——

A U T H O R.

True.

F R I E N D.

A man of *Taste* MUST buy.

A U T H O R.

Yes ;——You

And half a dozen more, my friend,
Whom your good *Taste* shall recommend.
Experience will by facts prevail,
When argument and reason fail ;
The NUPTIALS now——

F R I E N D.

Whose nuptials, sir ?——

A U T H O R.

A Poet's——did that poem *flir* ?
No——fixt——tho' thousand readers pass,
It still looks through its pane of glass,
And seems indignant to exclaim
Pass on ye SONS of TASTE, for shame !

While duly each revolving moon,
Which often comes, God knows too soon,
Continual plagues my soul molest,
And *Magazines* disturb my rest,

While scarce a night I steal to bed,
 Without a couplet in my head,
 And in the morning, when I stir,
 Pop comes a *Devil*, "Copy fir."
 I cannot strive with daring flight
 To reach the bold *Parnassian* HEIGHT;
 But at its foot, content to stray,
 In easy unambitious way,
 Pick up those flowers the muses send,
 To make a nosegay for my friend.
 In short, I lay no idle claim
 To genius strong, and noisy fame.
 But with a hope and wish to please,
 I write, as I would live, with ease.

F R I E N D.

But you must have a fund, a mine,
 Prose, poems, letters

A U T H O R.

Not a line.

And here, my friend, I rest secure;
 He can't lose much, who's always poor.
 And if, as now, thro' numbers *five*,
 This work with pleasure kept alive,
 Can still its currency afford,
 Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,
 Can

Can pay you, as at fundry times,
 For *self* per *Mag*, two thousand Rhimes,
 From whence should apprehension grow,
 That *self* should fail, with richer Co?

No *doer* of a monthly grub,
 Myself *alone* a learned *club*,
 I ask my readers to no treat
 Of scientifick *hash'd-up* meat,
 Nor seek to please theatric friends
 With scraps of plays, and odds and ends.——

F R I E N D .

Your method, sir, is plain enough ;
 And all the world has read your PUFF.*
 Th' allusion's neat, expression clean,
 About your travelling MACHINE,
 But yet —— it is a *Magazine*. }

A U T H O R .

Why let it be, and wherefore shame ?
 As JULIET says, what's in a name ?
 Besides it is the way of *trade*,
 Through which all science is convey'd,

* See a Poem, called the PUFF, in the first Volume of
 Mr. Lloyd's Magazine.

Thus knowledge parcels out her shares ;
 The COURT has hers, the LAWYERS theirs.
 Something to SCHOLARS sure is due, —
 Why not *one* MAGAZINE for YOU ?

F R I E N D .

That's an Herculean task, my friend,
 You toil and labour — to offend.
 Part of your scheme — a free translation,
 To SCHOLARS is a profanation ;
 What ! break up *Latin* ! pull down *Greek* !
 (Peace to the soul of sir JOHN CHEEKE !*)
 And shall the gen'rous liquor run,
 Broach'd from the rich FALERNIAN tun ?
 Will you pour out to *English* swine,
 Neat as imported, old GREEK wine ?
 Alas ! such beverage only fits
 Collegiate tastes, and classic wits.

A U T H O R .

I seek not, with satyric stroke,
 To strip the pedant of his cloak ;
 No — let him cull and spout quotations,
 And call the jabber, demonstrations ;
 Be his the great concern to shew,
 If *Roman* gowns were *tied* or no ;†

* The first restorer of Greek learning in England.

† See SIGONIUS and MANUTIUS.

Whether the *Grecians* took a slice
Four times a-day, or only *twice*,
 Still let him work about his hole,
 Poor, busy, blind, laborious mole;
 Still let him puzzle, read, explain,
 Oppugn, remark, and read again.

Such, though they waste the midnight oil
 In dull, minute, perplexing toil,
 Not understanding, do no good,
 Nor can do harm, not understood.

By scholars, apprehend me right,
 I mean the learned, and polite,
 Whose knowledge unaffected flows,
 And fits as easy as their cloaths;
 Who care not though an *ac* or *sed*
 Misplac'd, endanger PRISCIAN's head;
 Nor think his wit a grain the worse,
 Who cannot frame a *Latin* verse,
 Or give the *Roman* proper word
 To things the ROMANS never heard.

'Tis true, *except among the Great*,
 Letters are rather out of date,

And *quacking* genius more discerning,
 Scoffs at your *regulars* in learning.
 — PEDANTS, indeed, are learning's curse,
 But IGNORANCE is something worse :
 All are not blest with reputation,
 Built on the WANT of EDUCATION,
 And some, to letters duly bred,
 Mayn't *write* the worse, because they've *read*,
 Though books had better be unknown,
 Than not one thought appear our own ;
 As some can never speak themselves,
 But through the authors on their shelves,
 Whose writing smacks too much of reading,
 As affectation spoils good breeding.

F R I E N D.

True ; but that fault is seldom known,
 Save in your bookish *college* drone,
 Who, constant (as I've heard them say)
 Study their fourteen hours a-day,
 And squatting close, with dull attention,
 Read themselves out of apprehension ;
 Who scarce can wash their hands or face,
 For fear of losing time, or place,
 And give one hour to meat and drink,
 But never *half* a one to THINK.

AUTHOR.

A U T H O R.

Lord ! I have seen a thousand such,
 Who read, or seem to read, too much,
 So have I known, in that rare place,
 Where *Classics* always breed disgrace,
 A wight, upon discoveries hot,
 As whether flames have heat or not,
 Study himself, poor sceptic dunce,
 Into the very fire at once,
 And clear the philosophic doubt,
 By burning all ideas out.
 With such, eternal books successive
 Lead to no sciences progressive,
 While each dull fit of study past,
 Just like a wedge drives out the last.

From these I ground no expectation
 Of genuine wit, or free translation ;
 But you mistake me, friend. Suppose,
 (Translations are but modern cloaths)
 I dress my boy—(for instance sake
 Maintain these children, which I make)
 I give him coat and breeches—

F R I E N D.

True—

But not a bib and apron too !

You

You would not let your child be seen,
But drest consistent, neat, and clean.

A U T H O R.

So would I cloath a free translation,
Or as POPE calls it, imitation ;
Not pull down authors from my shelf,
To spoil their wit, and plague myself,
My learning studious to display,
And lose their spirit by the way.

F R I E N D.

Your HORACE now—e'en borrow thence
His easy wit, his manly sense,
But let the Moralist convey
Things in the manners of to-day,
Rather than that old garb assume,
Which only suits a man at *Rome*.

A U T H O R.

Originals will always please,
And copies too, if done with ease.
Would not old PLAUTUS wish to wear,
Turn'd *English* host, an *English* air,
If THORNTON, rich in native wit,
Would make the modes and diction fit?
Or, as I know you hate to roam,
To fetch an instance nearer home ;

Though

Though in an idiom most unlike,
 A similarity must strike,
 Where both of simple nature fond,
 In art and genius correspond;
 And *naïve* both (allow the phrase
 Which no one *English* word conveys)
 Wrapt up their stories neat and clean,
 Easy as———

F R I E N D.

DENIS's you mean.

—The very man—not mere translation,
 But LA FONTAINE by transmigration.

A U T H O R.

Authors, as DRYDEN's maxim runs,
 Have what he calls poetic fons.
 Thus MILTON, more correctly wild,
 Was richer SPENSER's lawful child.
 And CHURCHILL, got on all the nine,
 Is DRYDEN's heir in ev'ry line.
 Thus DENIS proves his parents plain,
 The child of EASE, and LA FONTAINE.

F R I E N D.

His muse, indeed, the work secures,
 And asks our praise as much as yours;
 For, if delighted, readers too
 May pay their thanks, as well as you.

But

But You, my friend (so folks complain)
 For ever in this easy vein,
 This prose in verse, this measur'd talk,
 This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,
 Aim at no flights, nor strive to give
 A real poem fit to live.

A U T H O R.

(To critics no offence, I hope)
 PRIOR shall live as long as POPE,
 Each in his manner sure to please,
 While both have strength, and both have ease;
 Yet though their various beauties strike,
 Their ease, their strength is not alike.
 Both with consummate horseman's skill,
 Ride as they list, about the *hill*;
 But take, peculiar in their mode,
 Their favourite horse, and favourite road,

For me, once fond of author-fame,
 Now forc'd to bear its weight and shame,
 I have no time to run a race,
 A traveller's my only pace.
 They, whom their steeds unjaded bear
 Around *Hyde-park*, to take the air,
 May frisk and prance, and ride their fill,
 And go all paces which they will;

We,

We, *hackney* tits—nay, never smile,
 Who trot our stage of *thirty* mile,
 Must travel in a constant plan,
 And run our journey, as we can.

F R I E N D.

A critic says, upon whose sleeve
 Some pin more faith than you'll believe,
 That writings which as *easy* please,
 Are not the writings wrote with *ease*.
 From whence the inference is plain,
 Your friend MAT PRIOR wrote with pain.

A U T H O R.

With pain perhaps he might correct,
 With care supply each loose defect,
 Yet sure, if rhyme, which seems to flow,
 Whether its master will or no,
 If humour, not by study sought,
 But rising from immediate thought,
 Are proofs of ease, what hardy name
 Shall e'er dispute a PRIOR's claim !

But still your critic's observation
 Strikes at no POET's reputation,
 His keen reflection only hits
 Your rhiming fops, and pedling wits.

As

As some take stiffness for a grace,
 And walk a dancing-master's pace,
 And others, for familiar air
 Mistake the slouching of a bear;
 So some will finically trim,
 And dress their lady-muse too prim,
 Others, mere slovens in their pen
 (The mob of *Lords* and *Gentlemen*)
 Fancy they write with ease and pleasure,
 By rambling out of rhyme and measure.
 And, on your critic's judgment, these
 Write *easily*, and not with EASE.

There are, indeed, whose wish pursues,
 And inclination courts the muse;
 Who, happy in a partial fame,
 A while possess a poet's name,
 But read their works, examine fair,
 —Shew me invention, fancy there,
 Taste I allow; but is the flow
 Of genius in them? Surely, no.
 'Tis labour from the classic brain.
 Read your own ADDISON'S CAMPAIGN.

E'en he, nay, think me not severe,
 A critic fine, of *Latin* ear,

Who

Who tofs'd his classic thoughts around
 With elegance on *Roman* ground,
 Just simmering with the muse's flame
 Woos but a cool and sober dame;
 And all his *English* rhimes express
 But beggar-thoughts in royal dress.
 In verse his genius seldom *glows*,
 A POET only in his *prose*,
 Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaste,
 Improved by Fancy, Wit, and Taste.

F R I E N D.

I task you for yourself, my friend,
 A subject you can ne'er defend,
 And you cajole me all the while
 With dissertations upon stile.
 Leave others wits and works alone,
 And think a little of your own,
 For FAME, when all is said and done,
 Tho' a coy mistress, may be won;
 And half the thought, and pains, and time,
 You take to jingle *easy* rhyme,
 Would make an ODE, would make a PLAY,
 Done into English, MALLOCH's way,
 —Stretch out your more *Heroic* feet,
 And write an ELEGY complete.

Or,

Or, not a more laborious task,
Could not you pen a *Classic MASQUE*?

A U T H O R.

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,
I durst not soar to such *high* things.
For I, who have more phlegm than fire,
Must understand, or not admire,
But when I read with admiration,
Perhaps I'll write in IMITATION.

F R I E N D.

But business of this monthly kind,
Need that *alone* engross your mind.
Assistance must pour in a-pace,
New passengers will take a place,
And then your friends——

A U T H O R.

Aye, they indeed,
Might make a better work succeed,
And with the helps which they shall give,
I and the Magazine shall live.

F R I E N D.

Yes, live, and *eat*, and nothing more.

A U T H O R.

I'll live as——Authors did before.

T H E

T H E P O E T.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL.

WELL—shall I wish you joy of fame,
 That loudly echoes CHURCHILL's name,
 And sets you on the Muses' throne,
 Which right of conquest made your own?
 Or shall I (knowing how unfit
 The world esteems a man of wit,
 That wheresoever he appears,
 They wonder if the knave has ears)
 Address with joy and lamentation,
 CONDOLANCE and CONGRATULATION,
 As colleges, who duly bring
 Their mews of verse to every king,
 Too *æconomical* in taste,
 Their sorrow or their joy to waste;
 Mix both together, sweet and sow'r;
 And bind the thorn up with the flow'r?

Sometimes 'tis Elegy, or Ode.
Epistle now's your only mode.
 Whether that style more glibly hits,
 The fancies of our rambling wits,

Who wince and kick at all oppression,
 But love to straggle in digression;
 Or, that by writing to the GREAT
 In letters, honours, or estate,
 We slip more easy into fame,
 By clinging to another's name,
 And with their strength our weakness yoke,
 As ivy climbs about an oak;
 As TUFT-HUNTERS will buzz and purr
 About a FELLOW-COMMONER,
 Or Crows will wing a higher flight,
 When sailing round the floating kite.

Whate'er the motive, 'tis the mode,
 And I will travel in the road.
 The fashionable track pursue,
 And write my simple thoughts to You,
 Just as they rise from head or heart,
 Not marshall'd by the herald Art.

By vanity or pleasure led,
 From thirst of fame, or want of bread,
 Shall any start up sons of rhyme
 PATHETIC, EASY, or SUBLIME?
 —You'd think, to hear what Critics say,
 Their labour was no more than play:

And

And that, but such a paultry station
 Reflects disgrace on education,
 (As if we could at once forsake
 What education helps to make)
 Each reader has superior skill,
 And can write better when he will.

In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,
 The world, the mighty world, is judge,
 And nice and fanciful opinion
 Sways all the world with strange dominion ;
 Opinion ! which on crutches walks,
 And founds the words another talks.

Bring me eleven Critics *grown*,
 Ten have no judgment of their own :
 But, like the Cyclops watch the nod
 Of some informing master god.
 Or as, when near his latest breath,
 The patient fain would juggle death,
 When DOCTORS sit in CONSULTATION
 (Which means no more than conversation,
 A kind of comfortable chat
 'Mongst social friends, on This and That,
 As whether stocks get up or down,
 And tittle-tattle of the town ;

Books, pictures, politics, and news,
 Who lies with whom, and who got whose)
 Opinions never disagree,
One doctor writes, *all* take the fee.

But eminence offends at once
 The owlish eye of critic dunce.
 DULLNESS alarm'd, collects her Force,
 And FOLLY screams till she is hoarse.
 Then far abroad the LIBEL flies
 From all th' artillery of lies,
 MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
 And EPIGRAM prepares her sting.
 Around the frequent pellets whistle
 From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE ;
 While every blockhead strives to throw
 His share of vengeance on his foe :
 As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
 And cocks and poets were the same.

Thus should a wooden collar deck
 Some woe-full 'squire's embarrass'd neck,
 When high above the croud he stands
 With equi-distant sprawling hands,
 And without hat, politely bare,
 Pops out his head to take the air ;

The

The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and stones, and addle-eggs.

O GENIUS ! tho' thy noble skill
Can guide thy *Pegasus* at will,
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind —
DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind,
In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,
You cannot shake her from your back.

Ill-nature springs as merit grows,
Close as the thorn is to the rose.
Could HERCULANEUM's friendly earth
Give MÆVIUS' works a second birth,
MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
Would sanctify the noble prize.
While *modern* critics should behold
Their near relation to the *old*,
And wondring gape at one another,
To see the likeness of a brother.

But with us *rhiming* moderns here,
Critics are not the only fear ;
The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
From other sands, and other rocks.

Not such alone who understand,
 Whose book and memory are at hand,
 Who scientific skill profess,
 And are great adepts — *more or less*;
 (Whether distinguish'd by degree,
 They write A. M. or sign M. D.
 Or make advances somewhat higher
 And take a new degree of 'SQUIRE.)
 Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,
 And bring you strange quotations pat in,
 As if each sentence grew more terse
 From odds and ends, and scraps of verse;
 Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound suits simple sense,
 And load one Letter with the labours,
 Which should be shar'd among its neighbours.
 Who know that thought produces pain,
 And deep reflection mads the brain,
 And *therefore*, wise and prudent grown,
 Have no ideas of their own.
 But if the man of *Nature* speak,
 Advance their Bayonets of *Greek*,
 And keep plain sense at such a distance,
 She cannot give a friend assistance.
 Not these alone in judgment rise,
 And shoot at genius as it flies,

But

But those who cannot *spell*, will TALK,
As women scold, who cannot walk.

Your man of habit, who's wound up
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
But has not either will or pow'r
To break out of his formal hour ;
Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it ;
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it ;
Who is a kind of breathing being,
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing ;
Who stands for ever on the brink,
Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
Nor has one reason to supply
Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
But what he does proceeds so right,
You'd think him always guided by't ;
Joins poetry and vice together
Like sun and rain in April weather,
Holds rake and wit as things the same,
And all the difference but a NAME.

A Rake ! Alas ! how many wear
The brow of mirth, with heart of care !
The desperate wretch reflection flies,
And shuns the way where madness lies,

Dreads each increas'ing pang of grief,
 And runs to FOLLY for relief.
 There, 'midst the momentary joys
 Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
 FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
 Smooths the World's hate, and blockhead's scorn,
 Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind,
 Ye CARES, go whistle to the wind ;
 Then welcome frolic, welcome whim !
 The world is all alike to *him*.

Distress is all in apprehension ;
 It ceases when 'tis past prevention :
 And happiness then presses near,
 When not a hope's left, nor a fear.
 — But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
 And I was never form'd for teaching:

Male prudes we know, (those driv'ling things)
 Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
 How will the sober Cit abuse,
 The fallies of the Culprit muse ;
 To her and Poet shut the door —
 And whip the beggar, with his whore ?

POET !

POET!—a FOOL! a WRETCH! a KNAVE!
 A mere mechanic dirty slave!
 What is his verse, but cooping sense
 Within an arbitrary fence?
 At best, but ringing that in rhyme,
 Which prose would say in half the time?
 Measure and numbers! what are those
 But artificial chains for prose?
 Which mechanism quaintly joins
 In parallels of fee-faw lines.
 And when the frisky wanton writes
 In PINDAR'S (what d'ye call 'em)—flights
 Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
 Now rhiming *twice*, now *not at all*,
 In *curves* and *angles* twirls about,
 Like *Chinese railing*, in and out.

Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
 Cull'd all the *sweets*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,
 The churl, whose dull imagination
 Is dead to every fine sensation,
 Too gross to relish nature's bloom,
 Or taste her *simple* rich perfume,
 Shall cast them by as useless stuff,
 And fly with keenness to his—snuff.

Look

Look round the world, not one in ten
Thinks Poets good, or honest men.

'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often loose to easy vice.
Perhaps *their Temperance* will not pass
The due rotation of the glass;
And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.

Some vices must to all appear
As constitutional as FEAR;
And every Moralist will find
A ruling passion in the mind:
Which, tho' pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;
Like them, will fally from their den,
And raise a tempest now and then;
Unhinge dame PRUDENCE from her plan,
And ruffle all the world of man.

Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the same indulgence find.

Their

Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
 More talk'd of, pointed at, and shewn,
 Till every *error* seems to rise
 To SINS of most *gigantic* size.

Thus fares it still, however hard,
 With every wit, and ev'ry bard.
 His *publick* writings, *private* life,
 Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,
 And ev'ry social, dear connection,
 Must bear a critical dissection;
 While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
 Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bait.
 Perhaps you'll readily admit
 There's danger from the *trading* wit,
 And dunce and fool, and such as those,
 Must be of course the poet's foes:
 But sure no sober man alive,
 Can think that *friends* would e'er *connive*.

From just remarks on earliest time,
 In the first infancy of rhyme,
 It may be fairly understood
 There were two sects—the Bad, the Good.
 Both fell together by the ears,
 And both beat up for volunteers.

By

By interest, or by birth allied,
 Numbers flock'd in on either side.
 WIT to his weapons ran at once,
 While all the cry was "down with DUNCE!"
 Onward he led his social bands,
 The common cause had join'd their hands.
 Yet even while their zeal they show,
 And war against the gen'ral foe,
 Howe'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
 They'd stop it all to fight a duel.
 And each cool wit would meet his brother,
 To pink and tilt at one another.

Jealous of every puff of fame,
 The idle whist'ling of a name,
 The property of half a line,
 Whether a comma's yours or mine,
 Shall make a Bard a Bard engage,
 And shake the friendship of an age.
 But diffident and modest wit
 Is always ready to submit;
 Fearful of press and publication,
 Consults a brother's observation,
 Talks of the maggot of his brains,
 As hardly worth the critic pains;

" If

" If ought disgusts the sense or ear,
 " You cannot, sir, be too *severe*.
 " Expunge, correct, do what you will,
 " I leave it to superior skill ;
 " Exert the office of a friend,
 " You may oblige, but can't offend."

This Bard too has his private clan,
 Where *He's* the great, the only man.
 Here, while the bottle and the bowl
 Promote the joyous flow of soul,
 (And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger
 When failing legs can stand no longer)
 Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
 And damns about her with an air.
 Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,
 Able to cope with hosts alone,
 Drawcanfir like, his murders blends,
 First slays his foes, and then his *friends*.

While your good word, or conversation,
 Can lend a brother reputation ;
 While verse or preface quaintly penn'd,
 Can raise the consequence of friend,
 How visible the kind affection !
 How close the partial fond connection !

Then

Then *He* is quick, and *I* discerning,
 And *I* have wit, and *He* has learning,
My judgment's strong, and *His* is chaste,
 And BOTH—ay BOTH, are men of taste.

Should you nor steal nor borrow aid,
 And set up for yourself in trade,
 Resolv'd imprudently to show
 That 'tis not always Wit and Co.
 Feelings, before unknown, arise,
 And Genius looks with jealous eyes.
 Tho' thousands may arrive at fame,
 Yet never take one path the same.
 An Author's vanity or pride
 Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
 Altho' he but delighted goes
 Along the track which nature shows,
 Nor ever madly runs astray,
 To cross his brother in his way.
 And some there are, whose narrow minds,
 Center'd in self, self always blinds,
 Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
 Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,
 Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
 Than from a foe's insulting dirt.

And

And some, too timid to reveal
 That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
 Which words are scanty to express,
 But friends must feel from friends' success,
 When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,
 Which every breath of praise pursues,
 Wou'd open to their free embrace,
 Meet her with such a blasting face,
 That all the brave imagination,
 Which seeks the sun of approbation,
 No more its early blossoms tries,
 But curls its tender leaves, and dies.

Is there a man, whose genius strong,
 Rolls like a rapid stream along,
 Whose Muse, long hid in chearless night,
 Pours on us like a flood of light,
 Whose acting comprehensive mind
 Walks Fancy's regions, unconfin'd;
 Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
 Nor affectation, warps aside;
 Who drags no author from his shelf,
 To talk on with an eye to self;
 Careless alike, in conversation,
 Of censure, or of approbation;

Who

Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
 And meets the Wit he never seeks ;
 Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
 Can pity, but not hate a fool ;
 Who can a hearty praise bestow,
 If merit sparkles in a foe ;
 Who bold and open, firm and true,
 Flatters no friends—yet loves them too :
 CHURCHILL will be the last to know
 His is the portrait, I would show.

A B A L-

THE TWO RUBRIC POSTS.

A D I A L O G U E.

IN *Russel-street*, ensued of late,
 Between two posts a strange debate.
 — Two posts — aye posts — for posts can speak,
 In *Latin, Hebrew, French or Greek*,
 One Rubric thus address'd the other :
 “ — A noble situation, brother,
 “ With authors lac'd from top to toe,
 “ Methinks we cut a *taring* show,
 “ The *Dialogues* of famous dead,
 “ You know how much they're bought and read.
 “ Suppose again we raise their ghosts,
 “ And make them chat through us two posts ;
 “ A thing's half finish'd well begun,
 “ So take the authors as they run.
 “ The list of names is mighty fine,
 “ You look down this, and I that line.
 “ Here's POPE and SWIFT, and STEELE and GAY,
 “ And CONGREVE, in the modern way.
 “ Whilst you have those, I cannot speak,
 “ But sound most wonderful in *Greek*.

“ — A Dialogue — I should adore it,
“ With such a show of names before it.”

“ Modern, your judgment wanders wide,”
The antient Rubric strait reply'd.
“ It grieves me much, indeed, to find
“ We never can be of a mind,
“ Before one door, and in one street,
“ Neither ourselves nor thoughts can meet,
“ And we, as brother oft with brother,
“ Are at a distance from each other.
“ Suppose among the *letter'd* dead,
“ Some author should erect his head,
“ And starting from his Rubric, pop
“ Directly into *Davies'* shop,
“ Turn o'er the leaves, and look about
“ To find his own opinions out ;
“ D'ye think one author out of ten
“ Would know his sentiments agen ?
“ Thinking your authors differ less in
“ Than in their manner of expressing.
“ 'Tis stile which makes the writer known,
“ The mark he sets upon his own.
“ Let CONGREVE speak as CONGREVE writ,
“ And keep the ball up of his wit ;
“ Let

" Let SWIFT be SWIFT, nor e'er demean
 " The sense and humour of the DEAN.
 " E'en let the antients rest in peace,
 " Nor bring good folks from *Rome* or *Greece*
 " To give a cause for past transactions,
 " They never dreamt of in their actions.
 " I can't help quibbling, brother poet,
 " 'Twere better we should *lay* the ghost,
 " But 'twere a task of real merit
 " Could we contrive to raise their *Spirit*.

" Peace, brother, peace, tho' what you say,
 " I own has reason in its way,
 " On Dialogues to bear so hard,
 " Is playing with a dang'rous card;
 " Writers of rank are sacred things,
 " And crush like arbitrary kings.
 " Perhaps your sentiment is right,
 " Heav'n grant we may not suffer by't.
 " For should friend DAVIES overhear,
 " He'll publish ours another year."

S O N G.

THOUGH winter its desolate train
 Of frost and of tempest may bring,
 Yet *Flora* steps forward again,
 And nature rejoices in spring.

Though the sun in his glories decreast,
 Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
 Yet he rises with joy from the east,
 And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,
 It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then employ,
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
 For *Cupid's* a vagrant, a boy,
 And his seasons will never return.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

SHALL I, from worldly friends estrang'd,
 Embitter much, but nothing chang'd
 In that Affection firm and true,
 Which Gratitude excites to You ;
 Shall I indulge the Muse, or stifle
 This meditation of a trifle ?

But you, perhaps, will kindly take
 The trifle for the Giver's sake,
 Who only pays his grateful Mite,
 The just acknowledgment of Right,
 As to the Landlord duly sent
 A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.

Yet Trifles often shew the Man,
 More than his settled Life and Plan :
 These are the starts of inclination ;
 Those the mere gloss of EDUCATION,
 Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
 A Blockhead to a man of Learning ;
 And, by the help of form and place,
 The child of Sin to babe of Grace.

Not that it alters Nature quite,
 And sets perverted Reason right,
 But, like Hypocrisy, conceals
 The very passions which she feels ;
 And claps a Vizor on the face,
 To hide us from the World's disgrace,
 Which, as the first Appearance strikes,
 Approves of all things, or dislikes.
 Like the fond fool with eager glee,
 Who sold his all, and put to sea,
 Lur'd by the calm which seemed to sleep
 On the smooth surface of the Deep ;
 Nor dreamt its waves could proudly rise,
 And tofs up mountains at the skies.

APPEARANCE is the only thing,
 A King's a Wretch, a Wretch a King.
 Undress them both — You King, suppose
 For once you wear the beggar's cloaths ;
 Cloaths that will take in every air ;
 — Bless me ! they fit you to a hair.
 Now you, Sir Vagrant, quickly don
 The robes his Majesty had on.
 And now, O WORLD, so wond'rous wise,
 Who see with such discerning eyes,

Put

Put observation to the Stretch,
Come — which is King, and which is Wretch?

To cheat *this* World, the hardest task
Is to be constant to our Mask.
Externals make direct impressions
And masks are worn by all Professions.

What need to dwell on topics stale?
Of Parsons drunk with wine or ale?
Of Lawyers, who with face of brass,
For learned Rhetoricians pass?
Of Scientific Doctors big,
Hid in the pent-house of their wig?
Whose conversation hardly goes
Beyond half words, and hums! and Oh's!
Of Scholars, of superior *Taste*,
Who cork it up for fear of waste,
Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,
But keep it always for themselves?

Wretches like these, my Soul disdains,
And doubts their hearts as well as brains.
Suppose a Neighbour should desire
To light a candle at your fire,

Would it deprive your flame of Light,
Because another profits by't?

But Youth must often pay its court,
To these *great* Scholars, *by report*,
Who live on hoarded reputation,
Which dares no risque of Conversation,
And boast within a store of Knowledge,
Sufficient, bless us! for a College,
But take a prudent care, no doubt,
That not a grain shall straggle out;
And are of Wit too nice and fine,
To throw their Pearl and gold to *Swine*;
And therefore, to prevent deceit,
Think every Man a *Hog* they meet.

These may perhaps as Scholars shine,
Who hang *themselves* out for a *Sign*.
What signifies a Lion's skin,
If it conceals an Afs within?
If thou'rt a Lion, prithee roar:
If Afs — bray once, and stalk no more,
In Words as well as Looks be wise,
Silence is Folly in Disguise;
With so much wisdom bottled up,
Uncork, and give your friends a sup.

What

What need your *nothings* thus to save?
 Why place the *Dial* in the *Grave*?
 A fig for Wit and Reputation,
 Which sneaks from all Communication,
 So in a post-bag, cheek by jole,
 Letters will go from pole to pole,
 Which *may* contain a wond'rous deal;
 But then they travel under seal,
 And though they bear your Wit about,
 Yet who shall ever find it out,
 Till trusty Wax forgoes its use,
 And sets imprison'd meaning loose?

Yet idle Folly often deems
 What Man must be from what He seems;
 As if, to look a dwelling o'er,
 You'd go no farther than the Door.

Mark yon round Parson, fat and sleek,
 Who preaches only once a Week,
 Whom Claret, Sloth, and Ven'son join
 To make an *orthodox* Divine;
 Whose Holiness receives its beauty
 From Income large, and little Duty;
 Who loves the Pipe, the Glass, the Smock,
 And keeps — a Curate for his Flock.

The

The world, obsequious to his nod,
 Shall hail this oily man of God,
 While the poor priest, with half a score
 Of prattling infants at his Door,
 Whose sober Wishes ne'er regale
 Beyond the homely jug of Ale,
 Is hardly deem'd companion fit
 For Man of Wealth, or Man of Wit,
 Though learn'd perhaps and wise as He
 Who signs with staring S. T. P.
 And full of sacerdotal Pride,
 Lays God and Duty both aside,

“ This Curate, say you, learn'd and wise !
 “ Why does not then this Curate rise ?

This Curate then, at *forty-three*,
 (Years which become a Curacy)
 At no great mart of Letters bred,
 Had strange odd notions in his head,
 That Parts, and Books, and Application,
 Furnish'd all means of Education ;
 And that a pulpiteer should know
 More than his gaping flock below ;
 That Learning was not got with pain,
 To be forgotten all again ;

That

That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
 However charming sounds to speak,
 Apt or unapt in each Quotation,
 Were *insults* on a Congregation,
 Who could not understand one word
 Of all the learned stuff they heard ;
 That something more than preaching fine,
 Should go to make a sound divine ;
 That Church and Pray'r, and holy *Sunday*,
 Were no excuse for sinful *Monday* ;
 That pious doctrine, pious Life,
 Should both make one, as Man and Wife.

Thinking in this uncommon Mode,
 So out of all the priestly road,
 What Man alive can e'er suppose,
 Who marks the way *PREFERMENT* goes,
 That she should ever find her way
 To this *poor Curate's* house of clay ?

Such was the Priest, so strangely wise !
 He could not bow — How should He rise ?
 Learned He was, and deeply read ;
 — But what of that ? — not duly bred.
 For he had suck'd no grammar rules
 From Royal founts, or Public schools,

Nor

Nor gain'd a single Corn of Knowledge
 From that vast Granary — a College.
 A Granary, which food supplies
 To vermin of uncommon Size.

Aye, now indeed the Matter's clear,
 There is a mighty error here.
 A public school's the place alone,
 Where Talents may be duly known.
 It has, no doubt, its imperfections,
 But then, such Friendships! such connections!
 The Parent, who has form'd his Plan,
 And in his Child confider'd Man,
 What is his grand and golden Rule,
 " Make your connections, Child, at School.
 " Mix with your Equals, fly inferiors,
 " But follow *closely* your Superiors,
 " On Them your ev'ry Hope depends,
 " Be prudent, Tom, get *useful* Friends;
 " And therefore like a spider wait,
 " And spin your Web about the great.
 " If *my Lord's* Genius wants supplies,
 " Why — You must make his Exercise.
 " Let the young *Marquis* take your Place,
 " And bear a whipping for his *Grace*.
 " Suppose (such Things may happen once)
 " The Nobles Wits, and You the Dunce,

“ Improve the means of Education,
 “ And learn commodious Adulation.
 “ Your Master scarcely holds it sin,
 “ *He* chucks his *Lordship* on the Chin,
 “ And would not for the World rebuke,
 “ Beyond a pat, the school-boy *Duke*.
 “ The Pastor there, of — what’s the Place?
 “ With smiles eternal in his Face,
 “ With dimpling cheek, and snowy hand,
 “ That flames the whiteness of his band ;
 “ Whose mincing Dialect abounds
 “ In Hums and Hahs, and half-form’d sounds ;
 “ Whose Elocution, fine and chaste,
 “ Lays his *commainds* with Judgment *vaiſt* ;
 “ And lest the Company should hear,
 “ Whispers his Nothings in your Ear,
 “ Think you ’twas Zeal, or Virtue’s Care
 “ That placed the *smirking* Doctor there.
 “ No — ’twas Connections form’d at School
 “ With some rich Wit, or noble Fool,
 “ Obsequious Flattery, and Attendance,
 “ A wilful, useful, base dependance ;
 “ A supple bowing of the Knees
 “ To any *human God* you please.
 “ (For true good-breeding’s so *polite*,
 “ ’Twould call the very Devil white)

“ ’Twas

“ 'Twas watching others shifting Will,
“ And veering to and fro with Skill :
“ These were the means that made him rise,
“ Mind your *connections*, and be wise.”

Methinks I hear son Tom reply,
I'll be a Bishop by and by.

Connections at a public School
Will often serve a wealthy Fool,
By lending him a letter'd Knave
To bring him Credit, or to save;
And Knavery gets a profit *real*,
By giving parts and worth *ideal*.
The child that marks this slavish Plan,
Will make his Fortune when a Man.
While honest Wit's ingenuous Merit
Enjoys his pittance, and his Spirit.

The Strength of public Education
Is quick'ning Parts by EMULATION;
And Emulation will create
In narrow minds a jealous state,
Which stifled for a course of Years,
From want of Skill or mutual Fears,

Breaks

Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
 Which none but rival Wits can feel.
 For when good people Wits commence,
 They lose all other kind of sense;
 (The maxim makes you smile, I see,
 Retort it when you please on me)
 One writer always hates another,
 As Emperors would kill a brother,
 Or Empress Queen to rule alone,
 Pluck down a Husband from the throne.

When tir'd of Friendship and alliance,
 Each side springs forward to defiance,
 Inveterate Hate and Resolution,
 Faggot and Fire and Persecution,
 Is all their aim, and all their Cry,
 Though neither side can tell you why.
 To it they run like valiant Men,
 And flash about them with their Pen.

What Inkshed springs from Altercation !
 What loppings off of Reputation !
 You might as soon hush stormy Weather,
 And bring the North and South together,
 As reconcile your letter'd foes,
 Who come to all things but dry blows.

Your

Your desperate lovers wan and pale,
 As needy culprits in a jail,
 Who muse and doat, and pine, and die,
 Scorch'd by the light'ning of an eye,
 (For ladies' eyes, with fatal stroke,
 Will blast the veriest heart of oak)
 Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,
 Merely to make it up again.
 Though swain look glum, and miss look fiery,
 'Tis nothing but *amantium iræ*,
 And all the progress purely this —
 A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiss.
 Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
 Like vinegar and oil together,
 Join in an easy mingled strife,
 To make the salad up of life.
 Love settles best from altercation,
 As liquors after fermentation.

In a stage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
 Between two bulky bodies jamm'd,
 Did you ne'er writhe yourself about,
 To find the seat and cushion out?
 How disagreeably you sit,
 With b—m awry, and place unfit,

Till

Till some kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town,
 Shall wedge you close, and nail you down,
 So fares it with your fondling dolts,
 And all love's quarrels are but jolts.

When tiffs arise, and words of strife
 Turn one to two in man and wife,
 (For that's a matrimonial course
 Which yoke-mates must go through perforce,
 And ev'ry married man is certain
 T'attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
 Tho' not another word is said,
 When once the couple are in bed :
 There things their proper channel keep,
 (They make it up, and go to sleep)
 These fallings in and fallings out,
 Sometimes with cause, but most without,
 Are but the common modes of strife,
 Which oil the springs of married life,
 Where fameness would create the spleen,
 For ever *stupidly serene*.

Observe yon downy bed—to make it,
 You toss the feathers up, and shake it.
 So fondness springs from words and scuffling,
 As beds lie smoothest after shuffling.

But authors wranglings will create
 The very quintessence of hate ;
 Peace is a fruitless vain endeavour,
 Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever:

—Oh ! had it pleas'd my wiser betters
 That I had never tasted letters,
 Then no Parnassian maggots bred,
 Like fancies in a madman's head,
 No graspings at an idle name,
 No childish hope of future fame,
 No impotence of wit had ta'en
 Possession of my muse-struck brain:

Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
 Varnish'd the dunce, or made the wit;
 I had not held a shameful place,
 Nor letters paid me with disgrace.

—O ! for a pittance of my own,
 That I might live unsought, unknown !
 Retir'd from all this pedant strife,
 Far from the cares of bust'ling life ;
 Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
 And all the little world I hate.

THE MILK-MAID.

WHOE'ER for pleasure plans a scheme,
 Will find it vanish like a dream,
 Affording nothing sound or real,
 Where happiness is all ideal;
 In grief, in joy, or either state,
 Fancy will always antedate,
 And when the thoughts on evil pore,
 Anticipation makes it more.
 Thus while the mind the *future* sees,
 It cancels all its *present* ease.

Is Pleasure's scheme the point in view;
 How eagerly we all pursue!

Well—Tuesday is th'appointed day;
 How slowly wears the time away!
 How dull the interval between,
 How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,
 Did not the mind unlock her treasure,
 And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.

DELIA surveys, with curious eyes,
 The clouds collected in the skies;

Wishes no storm may rend the air,
 And Tuesday may be dry and fair;
 And I look round, my boys, and pray,
 That Tuesday may be holiday.
 Things duly settled—what remains?
 Lo! Tuesday comes—alas! it rains;
 And all our visionary schemes
 Have died away, like golden dreams.

Once on a time, a rustic dame,
 (No matter for the lady's name)
 Wrapt up in deep imagination,
 Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation;
 While on a bench she took her seat,
 And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
 Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
 The profits which arose from thence;
 While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
 Of layings up, and *monstrous* gain,
 Till every penny which she told,
 Creative fancy turn'd to gold;
 And reasoning thus from computation,
 She spoke aloud her meditation.

" Please heav'n but to preserve my health,
 " No doubt I shall have store of wealth;

" It

" It must of consequence ensue
 " I shall have store of lovers too.
 " Oh ! how I'll break their stubborn hearts,
 " With all the pride of female arts.
 " What Suitors then will kneel before me !
 " *Lords, Earls, and Viscounts* shall adore me,
 " When in my gilded coach I ride,
 " *My Lady* at his *Lordship's* side,
 " How will I laugh at all I meet
 " Clatt'ring in pattins down the street !
 " And LOBBIN then I'll mind no more,
 " Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore ;
 " Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
 " I will not hear the simple youth,
 " But rise indignant from my seat,
 " And spurn the lubber from my feet.

Action, alas ! the speaker's grace,
 Ne'er came in more improper place,
 For in the tossing forth her shoe,
 What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew !
 While down at once, with hideous fall,
 Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.

Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
 To bring the gay materials home ;
 Imagination forms the dream,
 And accident destroys the scheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

FROM THE REV. MR. HANBURY'S HORSE, TO
THE REV. MR. SCOT.

AMONGST you *bipeds*, reputation
Depends on *Rank* and *Situation*;
And men increase in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their *Birth*.
Thus he is born to live obscure,
Who has the sin of being poor;
While wealthy dullness lolls at ease,
And is—as witty as you please.
—“ What did his *Lordship* say?—O! fine!
“ The very *Thing!* *Bravo!* *Divine!*”
And then 'tis buzz'd from *Route* to *Route*,
While ladies whisper it about,
“ Well, I protest, a charming hit!
“ His *Lerdship* has a deal of wit.
“ How elegant that double sense!
“ *Perdigious!* *vaiſtly fine!* *Immense!*
When all my lord has ſaid or done,
Was but the *letting off* a pun.

Mark

Mark the fat *Cit*, whose good round sum,
 Amounts at least to half a *Plumb* ;
 Whose chariot whirls him up and down
 Some three or four miles out of town ;
 For thither sober folks repair,
 To take the *Dust*, which they call air,
Dull folly (not the wanton wild
 Imagination's younger child)
 Has taken lodgings in his face,
 As finding that a *vacant* place,
 And peeping from *his* windows, tells
 To all beholders, where she dwells.
 Yet once a week, this purse-proud cit,
 Shall ape the fallies of a wit,
 And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
 To priestly faint, or city finner,
 Shall tell the story o'er and o'er,
 H'as told a thousand times before ;
 Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
 Talk the game o'er between the deal,

Mark ! how the fools and knaves admire
 And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire :
 While he looks pleas'd at every guest,
 And laughs much louder than the rest ;

And cackling with incessant grin,
Triples the *Double* of his chin.

Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill;
Make *Wits* and *Statesmen* when they will;
While genius holds no estimation,
From luckless want of *Situation*;
And, if through clouded scenes of life,
He takes dame poverty to wife,
Howe'er he work and teize his brain,
His pound of wit scarce weighs a *grain*;
While with his *Lordship* it *abounds*,
And one light grain swells out to *pounds*.

Receive, good sir, with aspect kind,
This wanton *gallop* of the mind;
But, since all things encrease in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;
Lest you should think the letter base,
While I supply the poet's place,
I'll tell you whence and what I am,
My *Breed*, my *Blood*, my *Sire*, my *Dam*,

My *Sire* was PINDAR's *Eagle*, son
Of *Pegasus* of HELICON;

My

My *Dam*, the *Hippogryph*, which whirl'd
Astolpho to the lunar world.
 Both high-bred things of *mettled blood*,
 The best in all *APOLLO*'s stud.

Now *CRITICS* here would bid me speak
 The *OLD* horse language, that is *Greek* ;
 For *HOMER* made us talk, you know,
 Almost three thousand years ago ;
 And men of *Taste* and *Judgment FINE*,
 Allow the passage is *divine*.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
 And of peculiar strength and breed ;
 What leaps they took, how far and wide !
 —*They'd* take a country at a stride.
 How great each leap, *LONGINUS* knew,
 Who from dimensions ta'en of two,
 Affirms, with equal ardour whirl'd,
 A third, good lord ! would clear the world.

But till some learned wight shall shew
 If *Accents* *MUST* be us'd, or no,
 A doubt, which puzzles all the wise
 Of giant and of pigmy size,
 Who waste their time, and fancies vex
 With *asper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,

And

And talk of *mark* and punctuation,
 As 'twere a matter of salvation ;
 For when your pigmies take the pen
 They fancy they grow up to *Men*,
 And think they keep the world in awe
 By brandishing a very *Straw*.
 Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
 Which they'll be centuries about,
 As a plain nag, in homely phrase,
 I'll use the language of *our* days ;
 And, for this first and only time,
 Just make a *trot* in easy rhyme.

Nor let it shock your thought or fight,
 That thus a *quadruped* should write ;
 Read but the papers, and you'll see
 More prodigies of wit than me ;
Grown men and *sparrows* taught to dance,
 By monsieur *Passerat* from France ;
 The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
 The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare ;
 And all are *fashionable* too,
 And play at cards as well as you.

Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,
 With faculties of writing blest,
 Why

Why should not I then, *Howmnyhwum* bred
 (A word that must be *seen*, not said)
 Rid you of all that anxious care,
 Which good folks feel for good and fair,
 And which your looks betray'd indeed,
 To more discerning eyes of steed;
 When in the shape of useful hack,
 I bore a poet on my back?

Know, safely rode my master's bride,
 The bard before her for *my* guide.
 Yet think not, sir, his awkward care
 Ensur'd protection to the fair.
 No—conscious of the prize I bore,
 My wayward footsteps slipt no more.
 For though I scorn the *Poet's* skill,
 My mistress guides me where she will.

Abstract in wond'rous speculation,
 Lost in laborious meditation,
 As whether 'twould promote *Sublime*
 If *Silver* could be pair'd in rhyme;
 Or, as the word of *sweeter Tune*,
Month might be clink'd instead of moon;
 No wonder poets hardly know
 Of what they do, or where they go.

Whether

Whether they ride or walk the street,
 Their *heads* are always on their *feet* ;
 They now and then may get astride
 Th' *ideal* Pegasus, and ride
Prodigious journeys—round a room,
 As boys ride cock-horse on a broom,

Whether *Acrostics* teize the brain,
 Which goes a hunting words in vain,
 (For words most *capitally* fin,
 Unless their letters right begin.)
 Since how to man or woman's name,
 Could you or I Acrostic frame.
 Or make the *staring* letters join,
 To form the word, that tells us *thine*,
 Unless we'ad *right* initials got,
 S, C, O, T, and so made SCOT ?
 Or whether *Rebus*, *Riddle's* brother
 (Both which had DULLNESS for their mother)
 Employ the gentle poet's care,
 To celebrate some town or fair,
 Which all *ad libitum* he flits
 For *you* to pick it up by bits,
 Which bits together plac'd, will frame
 Some city's or some lady's name;

As

As when a worm is cut in twain,
 It joins and is a worm again ;
 When thoughts *ſo* weighty, *ſo* intense,
 Above the reach of common ſenſe,
 Distract and twirl the mind about,
 Which fain would hammer ſomething out ;
 A kind diſcharge relieves the mind,
 As folks are eas'd by breaking wind ;
 Whatever whims or maggots bred
 Take place of ſenſe in poet's head,
 They fix themſelves without controul,
 Where'er its ſeat is on the ſoul.
 Then, like your heathen idols, we
 Have eyes indeed, but cannot ſee.
 (*We*, for I take the poet's part,
 And for my blood, am *Bard* at heart)
 For in reflection deep immerſt,
 The man muſe-bitten and *be-verſt*,
 Neglectful of externals all,
 Will run his head againſt a wall,
 Walk thro' a river as it flows,
 Nor ſee the bridge before his noſe.

Are things like theſe equeſtrians fit
 To mount the back of mettled tit ?

Are

Are — but farewell, for here comes *Bob*,
 And I must serve some hackney job;
 Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
 Transport the bard to our *Plantation*.

Robert joins compts with Burnam Black.
 Your humble servant *Hanbury's* hack.

THE NEW-RIVER HEAD.

A T A L E.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF MR. C. DENIS.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum. HOR.

DEAR WILKES, whose lively social Wit
Disdains the prudish Affectation
Of gloomy Folks, who love to sit
As Doctors *should* at Consultation,
Permit me, in familiar Strain,
To steal you from the idle hour
Of combating the NORTHERN THANE,
And all his puppet tools of Pow'r.

Shame to the Wretch, if sense of shame
Can ever touch the miscreant's breast,
Who dead to virtue as to fame,
(A Monster whom the Gods detest)

Turns

Turns traitor to himself, to court
 Or Minister or Monarch's smile;
 And dares, in insolence of sport,
 Invade the CHARTER of our Isle.

But why should I, who only strive
 By telling of an easy tale,
 To keep attention half alive
 'Gainst BOLGOLAM and FLIMNAP rail?
 For whether ENGLAND be the name,
 (Name which we're taught no more to prize),
 Or BRITAIN, it is all the same,
 The Lilliputian Statesmen rise
 To malice of gigantic size.
 Let them enjoy their warmth a while,
 Truth shall regard them with a smile,
 While you, like GULLIVER, in sport
 Piss out the fire, and save the Court.
 But to return — The tale is old;
 Indecent, truly none of mine —
 What BEROALDUS gravely told;
 I read it in that sound divine.
 And for indecency, you know
 He had a fashionable turn,
 As prim observers clearly shew
 In t'other Parson, Doctor STERNE.

Yet

Yet POPE denies it all defence,
And calls it, blefs us! Want of fenfe.

But e'en the *decent* POPE can write

* Of bottles, corks, and maiden fighs,

Of charming beauties lefs in fight,

Of the more fecret precious hair,

† “ And fomething elfe of little Size,

You know where.”

If fuch Authorities prevail,

To varnifh o'er this petty fin,

I plead a pardon for my tale,

And having hemm'd and cough'd—begin.

A Genius (one of thofe I mean,

We read of in th' Arabian nights ;

Not fuch as every day are feen

At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's ;

For howfoe'er you change the name,

The Clubs and Meetings are the fame ;

Nor thofe prodigious learned folks,

Your Haberdashers of ftale Jokes,

Who drefs them up fo neat and clean

For News-paper or Magazine ;

* Rape of the Lock.

† Pope's Letters.

But one that could play wond'rous tricks,
 Changing the very course of Nature,
 Not ASMODEUS on two sticks
 Or sage URGANDA could do greater.)

Once on a time incog came down
 From his equivocal dominions,
 And travell'd o'er a country town
 To try folks tempers and opinions .
 When to accomplish his intent
 (For had the cobbler known the king,
 Lord ! it would quite have spoil'd the thing)
 In strange disguise he sily went
 And stump'd along the high-way track,
 With greasy knapsack at his back ;
 And now the night was pitchy dark,
 Without one star's indulgent spark,
 Whether he wanted sleep or not,
 Is of no consequence to tell ;
 A bed and lodging must be got,
 For geniuses live always well.

At the best house in all the town,
 (It was th' attorney's you may swear)
 He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,
 Knock as you would, no entrance there.

But

But from the window cried the dame,
 Go, firrah go, from whence you came.
 Here, Nell, John, Thomas, see who knocks,
 Fellow, I'll put you in the stocks.
 Be gentle ma'm, the Genius cried ;
 Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,
 Who knows not where his head to hide,
 And asks a pittance at your door.
 A mug of beer, a crust of bread —
 Have pity on the houseless head ;
 Your husband keeps a lordly table,
 I ask but for the offal crumbs,
 And for a lodging — barn or stable
 Will shroud me till the morning comes.

'Twas all in vain ; she rang the bell,
 The servants trembl'd at the knell ;
 Down flew the maids to tell the men,
 To drive the vagrant back agen.

He trudg'd away in angry mind,
 And thought but cheaply of mankind,
 Till thro' a casement's dingy pane,
 A rush-light's melancholy ray,
 Bad him e'en try his luck again ;
 Perhaps beneath a house of clay

A wand'ring passenger might find;
 A better friend to human kind,
 And far more hospitable fare,
 'Tho' not so costly, nice, or rare;
 As smokes upon the silver plate
 Of the luxurious pamper'd great.

So to this cot of homely thatch,
 In the same plight the genius came :
 Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch ;
 What want ye fir ?

God save you, dame.

And so he told the piteous tale,
 Which you have heard him tell before ;
 Your patience and my own would fail
 Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.
 Suffice it, that my goody's care
 Brought forth her best, tho' simple fare,
 And from the corner-cupboard's hoard,
 Her stranger guest the more to please,
 Bespread her hospitable board
 With what she had — 'twas bread and cheese.

'Tis honest tho' but homely cheer ;
 Much good may't do ye, eat your fill,
 Would I cou'd treat you with strong beer,
 But for the action take the will,

You see my cot is clean, tho' small,
 Pray heav'n encrease my slender stock!
 You're welcome, friend, you see my all;
 And for your-bed, Sir, there's a flock.

No matter what was after said,
 He eat and drank and went to bed,

And now the cock his mattins sung,
 (Howe'er such singing's light esteem'd,
 'Tis precious in the Muses' tongue
 When sung rimes better than he scream'd),
 The dame and pedlar both arose,
 At early dawn of rising day,
 She for her work of folding cloaths,
 And He to travel on his way;
 But much he thought himself to blame,
 If, as in duty surely bound,
 He did not thank the careful dame
 For the reception he had found.
 Hostess, quoth He, before I go,
 I thank you for your hearty Fare;
 Would it were in my pow'r to pay
 My gratitude a better way;
 But money now runs very low,
 And I have not a doit to spare;

But if you'll take this piece of Stuff—
 —No, quoth the dame, I'm poor as you,
 Your kindest wishes are enough,
 You're welcome, friend, farewell—Adieu.
 But first reply'd the wand'ring guest,
 For bed and board and homely dish,
 May all things turn out for the best,
 So take my blessing and my wish.
 May what you first begin to do,
 Create such profit and delight,
 That you may do it all day through,
 Nor finish till the depth of night.

Thank you, she said, and shut the door,
 Turn'd to her work, and thought no more.
 And now the napkin which was spread
 To treat her guest with good brown bread,
 She folded up with nicest care;
 When lo! another napkin there!
 And every folding did beget
 Another and another yet.
 She folds a shift—by strange encrease,
 The remnant swells into a piece.
 Her Caps, her Laces, all the same,
 Till such a quantity of Linen,
 From such a very small beginning,

Flow'd

Flow'd in at once upon the Dame,
 Who wonder'd how the deuce it came,
 That with the drap'ry she had got
 Within her little shabby cot,
 She might for all the town provide,
 And break both York-street and Cheapside;

It happen'd that th' attorney's wife,
 Who, to be sure, took much upon her,
 As being one in higher Life,
 Who did the Parish mighty honour,
 Sent for the Dame, who, poor and willing,
 Would take a job of charing work,
 And sweat and toil like any Turk,
 To earn a sixpence or a shilling.

She could not come, not she indeed !
 She thank'd her much, but had no need.

Good news will fly as well as bad,
 So out this wond'rous story came,
 About the Pedlar and the Dame,
 Which made th' Attorney's wife so mad,
 That she resolv'd at any rate,
 Spite of her pride and Lady airs,
 To get the Pedlar tête-à-tête,
 And make up all the past affairs,

And tho' she wish'd him at the devil,
 When he came there the night before,
 Determin'd to be monstrous civil,
 And drop her curtsie at the door.

Now all was racket, noise and pother,
 Nell running one way, John another,
 And Tom was on the coach-horse sent,
 To learn which way the Pedlar went.
 Thomas return'd ;—the Pedlar brought.
 —What could my dainty Madam say,
 For not behaving as she ought,
 And driving honest folks away ?

Upon my word, it shocks me much,
 — But there's such thieving here of late —
 Not that I dream'd that you were such,
 When you came knocking at my gate.
 I must confess myself to blame,
 And I'm afraid you lately met
 Sad treatment with that homely dame,
 Who lives on what her hands can get.
 Walk in with me at least to-night,
 And let us set all matters right.
 I know my duty, and indeed
 Would help a friend in time of need.

Take

Take such refreshment as you find,
 I'm sure I mean it for the best,
 And give it with a willing mind
 To such a grave and sober guest.

So in they came, and for his picking,
 Behold the table covers spread,
 Instead of Goody's cheese and bread,
 With tarts, and fish, and flesh, and chicken.
 And to appear in greater state,
 The knives and forks with silver handles,
 The candlesticks of bright (French) plate
 To hold her best mould (tallow) candles,
 Were all brought forth to be display'd,
 In female housewifry parade.
 And more the Pedlar to regale,
 And make the wond'rous man her friend,
 Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,
 And port and claret without end ;
 They hobb'd and nobb'd, and smil'd and laugh'd,
 Touch'd glasses, nam'd their toasts, and quaff'd ;
 Talk'd o'er every friend and foe,
 Till eating, drinking, talking past,
 The kind house-clock struck twelve at last.
 When wishing Madam *bon repos*,
 The Pedlar pleaded weary head,
 Made his low bow, and went to bed.

Wishing him then at perfect ease,
 A good soft bed, a good sound sleep,
 Now, gentle reader, if you please,
 We'll at the Lady take a peep.
 She could not rest, but turn'd and tofs'd,
 While Fancy whisper'd in her brain,
 That what her indiscretion lost,
 Her art and cunning might regain.
 Such Linen to so poor a dame!
 For such coarse fair! perplex'd her head;
 Why might not she expect the same,
 So courteous, civil, and well-bred?

And now she reckon'd up her store
 Of Cambricks, Hollands, Muslins, Lawns,
 Free gifts, and Purchases, and Pawns,
 Resolv'd to multiply them more,
 Till she had got a Stock of Linen,
 Fit for a Dowager to sin in.

The morning came, when up she got,
 Most ceremoniously inclin'd
 To wind up her sagacious plot,
 With all that civil stuff we find
 'Mongst those who talk a wond'rous deal
 Of what they neither mean nor feel.

How

How shall I, Ma'm, reply'd the Guest,
 Make you a suitable return,
 For your attention and concern,
 And such civilities exprest
 To one, who must be still in debt
 For all the kindness he has met?
 For this your entertainment's sake,
 If ought of good my wish can do,
 May what you first shall undertake,
 Last without ceasing all day through.

Madam, who kindly understood
 His wish effectually good,
 Strait dropp'd a curtsie wond'rous low,
 For much she wanted him to go,
 That she might look up all her store,
 And turn it into thousands more.
 Now all the maids were sent to look
 In every cranny, hole and nook,
 For every rag which they could find
 Of any size, or any kind.
 Draw'rs, Boxes, Closets, Chests and Cases
 Were all unlock'd at once to get
 Her Point, her Gawz, her Prussia-net,
 With fifty names of fifty kinds,
 Which suit variety of minds.

How

How shall I now my tale pursue,
So passing strange, so passing true?

When every bit from every hoard,
Was brought and laid upon the board,
Lest some more urgent obligation
Might interrupt her pleasing toil,
And marring half her application,
The promis'd hopes of profit spoil,
Before she folds a single rag,
Or takes a cap from board or bag,
That nothing might her work prevent,
(For she was now resolv'd to labour,
With earnest hope and full intent
To get the better of her neighbour)
Into the garden she would go
To do that necessary thing,
Which must by all be done, you know,
By rich and poor, and high and low,
By Male and Female, Queen and King,
She little dream'd a common action,
Practis'd as duly as her pray'rs,
Should prove so tedious a transaction,
Or cost her such a sea of cares,

In

In short the streams so plenteous flow'd,
 That in the dry and dusty weather,
 She might have water'd all the road
 For ten or twenty miles together.
 What could she do? as it began,
 Th' involuntary torrent ran.
 Instead of folding Cap or Mob,
 So dreadful was this distillation,
 That from a simple watering job,
 She fear'd a general Inundation.
 While for her Indiscretion's crime,
 And coveting too great a store,
 She made a river at a time,
 Which sure was never done before.

A FAMILIAR LETTER OF RHIMES

T O A L A D Y.

YE S — I could rifle grove and bow'r
 And strip the beds of every flow'r,
 And deck them in their fairest hue,
 Merely to be out-blush'd by you.
 The lily pale, by my direction,
 Should fight the rose for your complexion ;
 Or I could make up sweetest posies,
 Fit fragrance for the ladies' noses,
 Which drooping, on your breast reclining,
 Should all be withering, dying, pining,
 Which every songster can display,
 I've more authorities than GAY ;
 Nay, I could teach the globe its duty
 To pay all homage to your beauty,
 And, wit's creative pow'r to show,
 The very *fire* should mix with *snow* ;
 Your eyes, that brandish burning *darts*
 To scorch and singe our *tinder* hearts,
 Should be the *lamps* for lover's ruin,
 And light them to their own undoing ;

While

While all the *snow* about your breast
Should leave them hopeless and distressed.

For those who rarely soar above
The art of coupling *love* and *dove*,
In their conceits and amorous fictions,
Are mighty fond of contradictions,
Above, in air; in earth, beneath;
And things that do, or do not breathe,
All have their parts, and separate place,
To paint the fair one's various grace.

Her cheek, her eye, her bosom show
The rose, the lily, diamond, snow.
Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,
Stars, rubies, suns, and mossy fountains,
The poet gives them all a share
In the description of his fair.
She *burns*, she *chills*, she pierces hearts,
With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
And could we trust th' extravagancy
Of every poet's youthful fancy,
They'd make each nymph they love so well,
As *cold* as snow, as *hot* as —.

— O gentle lady, spare your fright;
 No horrid rhyme shall wound your sight:
 I would not for the world be heard,
 To utter such *unseemly* word,
 Which the politer parson fears
 To mention to politer ears.

But, could a female form be shown,
 (The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
 Where every circumstance should meet
 To make the poet's nymph compleat
 Form'd to his fancy's utmost pitch,
 She'd be as ugly as a witch.

Come then, O muse, of trim conceit,
 Muse, always fine, but never neat,
 Who to the dull unfated ear
 Of *French* or *Tuscan* SONNETEER,
 Tak'st up the same unvaried tone,
 Like the *Scotch* bagpipe's favourite drone,
 Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
 To poet's mistress, whore, or faint;
 Whether thou dwell'st on ev'ry grace,
 Which lights the world from LAURA's face,
 Or amorous praise expatiates wide
 On beauties which the nymph must hide;

For

For wit affected, loves to show
 Her every charm from top to toe,
 And wanton fancy oft pursues
 Minute description from the muse,
 Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
 The poet's *mortal* nymph *divine*.

Her *golden* locks of classic hair,
 Are *nets* to catch the wanton air;
 Her forehead *ivory*, and her eyes
 Each a bright *sun* to light the skies,
 Orb'd in whose centre, *Cupid* aims
 His darts, protect us! tipt with *flames*;
 While the fly god's unerring bow
 Is the half circle of her *brow*.
 Each lip a *ruby*, parting, shews
 The precious *pearl* in even rows,
 And all the loves and graces sleek
 Bathe in the dimples of her *cheek*.
 Her *breasts* pure *snow*, or white as *milk*,
 Are *ivory* apples, smooth as *filk*,
 Or else, as fancy trips on faster,
 Fine *marble* hills or *alabaster*.

A figure made of wax wou'd please
 More than an aggregate of these,

Which though they are of precious worth,
 And held in great esteem on earth,
 What are they, rightly understood,
 Compar'd to real flesh and blood?

And I, who hate to act by rules
 Of whining, rhiming, loving fools,
 Can never twist my mind about
 To find such strange resemblance out,
 And simile that's only fit
 To shew my plenteous lack of wit.
 Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
 Wounds, sighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
 Obeying, what I here declare,
 Makes half my happiness, the Fair,
 The favourite subject I pursue,
 And write, as who would not, for you.

Perhaps my muse, a common curse,
 Errs in the manner of her verse,
 Which, slouching in the doggrel lay,
 Goes tittup all her easy way.
 Yes — an Acrostic had been better,
 Where each good-natured prattling letter,
 Though it conceal the writer's aim,
 Tells all the world his lady's name.

But

But all Acrostics, it is said,
 Shew wond'rous pain of empty head,
 Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
 And fancy dare not jump the lines.

I love a fanciful disorder,
 And straggling out of rule and order ;
 Impute not then to vacant head,
 Or what I've writ, or what I've said,
 Which imputation can't be true,
 Where head and heart's so full of you.

Like TRISTRAM SHANDY, I could write
 From morn to noon, from noon to night,
 Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning
 A little sideways to a meaning,
 And unfatigu'd myself, pursue
 The civil mode of teasing you.
 For as your folks who love the dwelling
 On circumstance in story telling,
 And to give each relation grace,
 Describe the time, the folks, the place,
 And are religiously exact
 To point out each unmeaning fact,
 Repeat their wonders *undesired*,
 Nor think one hearer can be tired ;

So they who take a method worse,
 And *prose* away, like me, in *verse*,
 Worry their mistress, friends or betters,
 With satire, sonnet, ode, or letters,
 And think the knack of pleasing follows
 Each jingling pupil of APOLLO's.
 —Yet let it be a venial crime
 That I address you thus in rhyme.
 Nor think that I am *Phæbus'* bit
 By the *Tarantula* of wit,
 But as the meanest critic knows
 All females have a knack at prose,
 And letters are the mode of writing
 The ladies take the most delight in;
 Bold is the man, whose saucy aim
 Leads him to form a rival claim;
 A double death the victim dies,
 Wounded by wit as well as eyes.

—With mine disgrace a lady's prose,
 And put a nettle next a rose?
 Who would so long as taste prevails,
 Compare St. *James's* with *Versailles*?
 The nightingale, as story goes,
 Fam'd for the music of his woes,

In

In vain against the artist try'd,
But strain'd his tuneful throat — and died.

Perhaps I sought the rhiming way,
For reasons which have pow'rful sway.
The swain, no doubt, with pleasure sues
The nymph he's sure will not refuse,
And more compassion may be found
Amongst these goddesses of sound,
Than always happens to the share
Of the more cruel human fair ;
Who love to fix their lover's pains,
Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
Rejoicing in their servant's grief,
As 'twere a sin to give relief.
They twist each easy fool about,
Nor let them in, nor let them out,
But keep them twirling on the fire
Of apprehension and desire,
As cock-chafers, with corking pin
The school-boy stabs, to make them spin.

For 'tis a maxim in love's school,
To make a man of sense a fool ;
I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wishes to succeed ;

But from his fear and apprehension,
Which always mars his best intention,
Can ne'er address with proper ease
The very person he would please.

Now poets, when these nymphs refuse,
Strait go a courting to the muse.
But still some difference we find
'Twixt goddesses and human kind;
The muses' favours are ideal,
The ladies' scarce, but always real.
The poet can, with little pain,
Create a mistress in his brain,
Heap each attraction, every grace
That should adorn the mind or face,
On *Delia*, *Phyllis*, with a score
Of *Phyllisses* and *Delias* more.
Or as the whim of passion burns,
Can court each frolic muse by turns;
Nor shall one word of blame be said,
Altho' he take them all to bed.
The muse detests coquetry's guilt,
Nor apes the manners of a jilt.

Jilt! O dishonest hateful name,
Your sex's pride, your sex's shame,

Which

Which often bait their treacherous hook
 With smile endearing, winning look,
 And wind them in the easy heart
 Of man, with most ensnaring art,
 Only to torture and betray
 The wretch they mean to cast away.
 No doubt 'tis *charming* pleasant angling
 To see the poor fond creatures dangling,
 Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,
 And gorge the mischief they should hate,
 Yet sure such cruelties deface
 Your virtues of their fairest grace.
 And pity, which in woman's breast,
 Should swim at top of all the rest,
 Must such insidious sport condemn,
 Which play to you, is death to them,

So have I often read or heard,
 Though both upon a trav'lers word,
 (Authority may pass it down,
 So, *vide* TRAVELS, by ED. BROWN)
 At METZ, a dreadful engine stands,
 Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
 Which finely drest, with primmest grace,
 Receives the culprit's first embrace;

But at the second (dismal wonder !)
Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart asunder.

You'll say, perhaps, I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale.

A *Robin* once, who lov'd to stray,
And hop about from spray to spray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of mischief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold presume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careless often take his stand
Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
The nymph, 'tis said, his freedom sought,
— In short, the trifling fool was caught ;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an *Eagle's* place.
And while the nymph was kind as fair,
Wish'd not to gain his native air.
But thought he bargain'd to his cost,
To gain the liberty he lost.

Till at the last, a fop was seen,
A *parrot*, dress'd in red and green,
Who

Who could not boast one genuine note,
 But chatter'd, swore and ly'd—by rote.
 “ Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
 “ When honour and affection fail.”
 The lady lik'd her foreign guest,
 For novelty will please the best;
 And whether it is lace or fan,
 Or silk, or china, bird or man,
 None sure can think it wrong, or strange,
 That ladies should admire a change.
 The *Parrot* now came into play,
 The *Robin*! he had had his day,
 But could not brook the nymph's disdain,
 So fled—and ne'er came back again.

THE

T H E
COBLER OF TISSINGTON'S LETTER

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 1761.

MY predecessors often use
To coble verse as well as shoes;
As PARTRIDGE (*vide* SWIFT's disputes)
Who turned BOOTES into *boots*,
Ah! — PARTRIDGE! — I'll be bold to say
Was a rare scholar in his day;
He'd tell you when t'wou'd rain, and when
The weather would be fine agen;
Precisely when your bones *should* ache,
And when grow sound, by th' almanack.
For he knew ev'ry thing, d'ye see,
By what d'ye call't, astrology,
And skill'd in all the starry system,
Foretold events, and often mist 'em.
And then it griev'd me sore to look
Just at the *heel-piece* of his book,
Where stood a man, Lord blefs my heart!
(No doubt by *matthew maticks* art,)

Naked,

Naked, expos'd to public view,
 And darts stuck in him through and through;
 I warrant him some hardy fool,
 Who scorn'd to follow wisdom's rule,
 And dar'd blasphemously despise
 Our doctor's knowledge in the skies.
 Full dearly he abides his laugh,
 I'm sure 'tis SWIFT, or BICKERSTAFF.

Excuse this bit of a digression,
 A cobbler's is a learn'd profession.
 Why may not I too couple rhimes?
 My wit will not disgrace the times;
 I too, forsooth, among the rest,
 Claim one advantage, and the best,
 I scarce know writing, have no reading,
 Nor any kind of scholar *breeding*;
 And *wanting* that's the sole foundation
 Of half your poets' reputation.
 While genius, perfect at its birth,
 Springs up, like mushrooms from the earth.

You know they send me to and fro
 To carry messages or so;
 And tho' I'm somewhat old and crazy,
 I'm still of service to the lazy.

For

For our good squire has no great notion
 Of much alacrity in motion,
 And when there's miles betwixt, you know
 Would rather *send* by half, than *go* ;
 Then I'm dispatch'd to travel hard,
 And bear myself by way of card.
 I'm a two-legg'd excuse to show
 Why other people cannot go ;
 And merit sure I must assume,
 For once I went in GARRICK's room.

In my old age, 'twere wond'rous hard
 To come to town, as trav'ling card,
 Then let the post convey me there,
 The clerk's direction tell him where,
 For, tho' I ramble at this rate
He writes it all, and I *dictate* ;
 For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour,
 (Who keeps a school, and goes to *labour*)
 To tell you all things as they pass ;
 Coblers will go beyond their last,
 And so I'm told will authors too,
 —But that's a point I leave to you ;
 Cobling extends a thousand ways,
 Some coble shoes, some coble plays ;

Some

Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,
 It makes a body write for ever.
 While with the motion of the pen,
 METHOD pops in and out agen,
 So, as I said, I thought it better,
 To set me down and *think* a letter,
 And without any more ado,
 Seal up my mind, and send it you.
 You'll ask me, master, why I chuse
 To plague your worship with my muse?
 I'll tell you then—will truth offend?
 Tho' cobbler, yet I love my friend.
 Besides, I like you merry folks,
 Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;
 Your jovial hearts are never wrong,
 I love a story, or a song;
 But always feel most grievous qualms,
 From WESTLEY's hymns, or WISDOM's psalms.

My father often told me, one day
 Was for religion—that was Sunday,
 When I should go to prayers twice,
 And hear our parson battle vice;
 And dress'd in all my finest cloaths,
 Twang the *psalmoddy* thro' my nose.

But

But betwixt churches, for relief,
 Eat bak'd plumb-pudding, and roast-beef;
 And chearful, without sin, regale
 With good home-brew'd, and nappy ale,
 But not one word of *fasting* greetings,
 And *dry* religious finging meetings.
 But here comes folks a-preaching to us
 A *saving* doctrine to *undo* us,
 Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,
 Turn old religion topsy-turvy.
 I'll give my pleasure up for no man,
 And an't I right now, master SHOW-MAN?
 You seem'd to me a person civil,
 Our parson gives you to the devil;
 And says, as how, that after grace,
 You laugh'd directly in his face;
 Ay, laugh'd out-right (as I'm a sinner)
 I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,
 Not for the sake of master's fare,
 But to have seen the doctor stare.
 Odzooks, I think, he's perfect mad,
 Scar'd out of all the wits he had,
 For wheresoe'er the doctor comes,
 He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,
 And mutters, in a broken rage,
 The MINOR, GARRICK, FOOTE, the STAGE;
(For

(For I must blab it out — but hift,
 His reverence is a *methodist*)
 And preaches like an errant fury,
 'Gainst all your *show* folks about DRURY,
 Says actors all are hellish imps,
 And managers the devil's pimps.
 He knows not what he sets about ;
 Puts on his surplice inside out,
 Mistakes the lessons in the church,
 Or leaves a collect in the lurch ;
 And t'other day — God help his head,
 The gard'ner's wife being brought to bed,
 When sent for to baptize the child
 His wig awry, and staring wild,
 He laid the prayer-book flat before him,
 And read the burial service o'er him.
 —The folks must wait without their shoes,
 For I must tell you all the news.
 For we have had a deal to do,
 Our squire's become a show-man too !
 And horse and foot arrive in flocks,
 To see his worship's famous rocks,
 Whilst, he with humorous delight,
 Walks all about and shews the sight,
 Points out the place, where trembling you
 Had like t' have bid the world adieu ;

It

It bears the sad remembrance still,
 And people call it GARRICK'S HILL.
 The goats their usual distance keep,
 We never have recourse to sheep ;
 And the whole scene wants nothing now,
 Except your ferry-boat and cow.
 I had a great deal more to say,
 But I am sent exprefs away,
 To fetch the squire's three children down
 To TISSINGTON from DERBY town ;
 And ALLEN says he'll mend my rhyme,
 When e'er I write a second time.

THE

T H E
COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER

TO ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

U N U S ' D to verse, and tir'd, Heav'n knows,
Of drudging on in heavy prose,
Day after day, year after year,
Which I have sent the GAZETTEER;
Now, for the first time, I essay
To write in your own easy way.
And now, O LLOYD, I wish I had,
To go that road your ambling pad,
While you, with all a poet's pride,
On the *great horse* of verse might ride.
You leave the road that's rough and stoney,
To pace and whistle with your poney;
Sad proof to us you're *lazy* grown,
And fear to gall your huckle-bone.
For he who rides a nag so small,
Will soon, we fear, ride none at all.

There are, and nought gives more offence,
Who have some fav'rite excellence,

VOL. II.

G

Which

Which evermore they introduce,
 And bring it into constant use.
 Thus GARRICK still in ev'ry part
 Has pause, and attitude, and start:
 The pause, I will allow, is good,
 And so, perhaps, the attitude;
 The start too's fine: but if not scarce,
 The tragedy becomes a farce.

I have too, pardon me, some quarrel,
 With other branches of your laurel.
 I hate the stile, that still defends
 Yourself, or praises all your friends,
 As if the club of wits was met
 To make eulogiums on *the Set*;
 Say, must the town for ever hear,
 And no *Reviewer* dare to sneer,
 Of THORNTON's humour, GARRICK's nature,
 And COLMAN's wit, and CHURCHILL's satire?
 CHURCHILL, who — let it not offend,
 If I make free, tho' he's your friend,
 And sure we cannot want excuse,
 When CHURCHILL's nam'd, for smart abuse —
 CHURCHILL! who ever loves to raise
 On slander's dung his mushroom bays:

The

The priest, I grant, has something clever,
 A something that will last for ever.
 Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
 Whose muse, now queen, and now a flattern,
 Trick'd out in ROSCIAD rules the roast,
 Turns trapes and trollop in the GHOST,
 By turns both tickles us, and warms,
 And, drunk or sober, has her charms.

GARRICK, to whom with lath and plaister
 You try to raise a fine pilaster,
 And found on LEAR and MACBETH,
 His monument e'en after death,
 GARRICK's a dealer in grimaces,
 A haberdasher of wry faces,
 A hypocrite, in all his stages,
 Who laughs and cries for hire and wages ;
 As undertakers' men draw grief
 From onion in their handkerchief,
 Like real mourners cry and sob,
 And of their passions make a job.

And COLMAN too, that little finner,
 That essay-weaver, drama-spinner,
 Too much the comic *Sock* will use,
 For 'tis the law must find him *Shoes*.

And tho' he thinks on fame's wide ocean
 He swims, and has a pretty motion,
 Inform him, LLOYD, for all his grin
 That HARRY FIELDING holds his chin.

Now higher soar, my muse, and higher,
 To BONNEL THORNTON, hight Esquire !
 The only man to make us laugh,
 A very PETER PARAGRAPH ;
 The grand conductor and adviser
 In CHRONICLE, and ADVERTISER,
 Who still delights to run his rig
 On *Citizen* and *Periwig* !
 Good sense, I know, tho' dash'd with oddity,
 In THORNTON is no scarce commodity :
 Much learning too I can descry,
 Beneath *his* periwig doth lie. —
 — I beg his pardon, I declare,
 His grizzle's gone for greasy hair,
 Which now the wag with ease can scrue,
 With dirty ribband in a queue —
 But why neglect (his trade forsaking
 For scribbling, and for merry-making,)
 With tye to overshadow that brain,
 Which might have shone in WARWICK-LANE ?
 Why

Why not, with spectacles on nose,
 In chariot lazily repose,
 A formal, pompous, deep physician,
 HIMSELF A SIGN-POST EXHIBITION ?

But hold, my Muse ! you run a-head ;
 And where's the clue that shall unthread
 The maze, wherein you are entangled ?
 While out of tune the bells are jangled
 Thro' rhimes rough road that serve to deck
 My jaded Pegasus his neck,
 My muse with LLOYD alone contends :
 Why then fall foul upon his friends ?
 Unless to shew, like handy-dandy,
 Or CHURCHILL'S GHOST, or TRISTRAM SHANDY,
 Now here, now there, with quick progression,
 How smartly you can make digression :
 Your rambling spirit now confine,
 And speak to LLOYD in ev'ry line.

Tell me then, LLOYD, what is't you mean
 By cobbling up a MAGAZINE ?
 A MAGAZINE, a wretched Olio
 Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,
 From Pamphlet, News-paper, and Book ;
 Which tost up by a monthly cook,

Borrows fine shapes, and titles new,
 Of fricasee and rich ragoût,
 Which dunces dress, as well as you.

Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,
 And tumble thro' this narrow hoop?
 The body thrives, and so the mind,
 When both are free and unconfin'd;
 But harness'd in like hackney tit,
 To run the monthly stage of wit,
 The racer stumbles in the shaft,
 And shews he was not meant for draft.
 Pot-bellied gluttons, slaves of taste,
 Who bind in leathern belt their waist,
 Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,
 But hate to see the strutting paunch,
 Full often rue the pain that's felt
 From circumscription of the belt.
 Thus women too we ideots call,
 Who lace their shapes too close and small.
 Tight stays, they find, oft end in humps,
 And take, too late, alas! to jumps.
 The Chinese ladies cramp their feet,
 Which seem, indeed, both small and neat,
 While the dear creatures laugh and talk,
 And can do ev'ry thing — but walk;

Thus

Thus you, "who trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,"
 And in the *Ring* are ever seen,
 Or *Rotten-Row* of Magazine,
 Will cramp your muse in four-foot verse,
 And find at last your ease your curse.
 CLIO already humbly begs
 You'd give her leave to stretch her legs,
 For tho' sometimes she takes a leap,
 Yet quadrupeds can only creep.

While Namby-Pamby thus you scribble,
 Your manly genius a mere fribble,
 Pinn'd down, and sickly, cannot vapour,
 Nor dares to spring, or cut a caper.

Rouse then, for shame, your ancient spirit !
 Write a great work ! a work of merit !
 The conduct of your friend examine,
 And give a PROPHECY OF FAMINE ;
 Or like yourself, in days of yore,
 Write ACTORS, as you did before :
 Write what may pow'rful friends create you,
 And make your present friends all hate you.
 Learn not a shuffling, shambling, pace,
 But go erect with manly grace ;

For OVID says, and pr'ythee heed it,
Os homini sublime dedit.
 But if you still waste all your prime
 In spinning Lilliputian rhyme,
 Too long your genius will lie fallow,
 And ROBERT LLOYD be ROBERT SHALLOW.

NO

O N R H Y M E.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

BRING paper, ASH, and let me send
My hearty service to my friend.

How pure the paper looks and white !
What pity 'tis that folks will write,
And on the face of candour scrawl
With desperate ink, and heart of gall !
Yet thus it often fares with those
Who, gay and easy in their *prose*,
Incur ill-nature's ugly crime,
And lay about 'em in their *rhyme*.

No man more generous, frank and kind,
Of more ingenuous social mind,
Than CHURCHILL, yet tho' CHURCHILL hear,
I will pronounce him too severe,
For, whether scribbled at or not,
He writes no name without a blot.

Yet let me urge one honest plea,
Say, is the Muse in fault or He ?

The

The man, whose genius thirsts for praise,
 Who boldly plucks, not waits the bays ;
 Who drives his rapid car along,
 And feels the energy of song ;
 Writes, from the *impulse* of the Muse,
 What sober reason might refuse.

My Lord, who lives and writes *at ease*,
 (Sure to be pleas'd, as sure to please)
 And draws from silver-stand his pen,
 To scribble sonnets *now* and *then* ;
 Who writes not what he truly feels,
 But rather what he sily steals,
 And patches up, in courtly phrase,
 The manly sense of better days ;
 Whose dainty Muse is only kist ;
 But as his dainty Lordship list,
 Who treats her like a *Mistress* still,
 To turn her off, and keep at will ;
 Knows not the labour, pains, and strife,
 Of him who takes the Muse to *Wife*.
 For then the poor good-natur'd man
 Must bear his burden as he can ;
 And if my lady prove a shrew,
 What would you have the husband do ?

Say,

Say, should he thwart her inclination
 To work his own, and her vexation?
 Or, giving madam all her rein,
 Make marriage but a filken chain?
 Thus we, who lead poetic lives,
 The hen-peck'd culls of vixen wives,
 Receive their orders, and obey,
 Like husbands in the common way:
 And when we write with too much phlegm,
 The fault is not in us, but them:
 True servants always at command,
 We *hold the pen*, they *guide the hand*.

Why need I urge so plain a fact
 To you who catch me in the act?
 And see me, (ere I've said my grace,
 That is, put SIR in proper place,
 Or with epistolary bow,
 Have prefac'd, as I scarce know how.)
 You see me, as I said before,
 Run up and down a page or more,
 Without one word of tribute due
 To friendship's altar, and to you.
 Accept, then, in or out of time,
 My honest thanks, tho' writ in rhyme.

And

And these once paid (to obligations
 Repeated thanks grow stale vexations,
 And hurt the liberal donor more
 Than all his lavish gifts before)
 I skip about, as whim prevails,
 Like your own frisky goats in WALES,
 And follow where the Muse shall lead,
 O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill or mead.

Well might the * Lordly writer praise
 The first inventor of *Essays*,
 Where wanton fancy gaily rambles,
 Walks, paces, gallops, trots, and ambles;
 And all things may be sung or said,
 While drowsy METHOD's gone to bed,
 And blest the poet, or the rhymist,
 (For surely none of the sublimest)
 Who prancing in his easy mode,
 Down this epistolary road;
 First taught the Muse to play the fool,
 A truant from the pedant's school,
 And skipping, like a *tasteless* dunce,
 O'er all the UNITIES at once;

* Shaftsbury.

(For

(For so we keep but clink and rhyme,
A fig for ACTION, PLACE, and TIME.)

But critics (who still judge by rules,
Transmitted down as guides to fools,
And howsoe'er they prate about 'em,
Drawn from wise folks who writ without 'em)
Will blame this frolic, wild excursion,
Which fancy takes for her diversion,
As inconsistent with the law,
Which keeps the sober Muse in awe,
Who dares not for her life dispense,
With such *mechanic* chains for sense.

Yet men are often apt to blame
Those errors they'd be proud to claim,
And if their skill, of pigmy size,
To glorious darings cannot rise,
From critic spleen and pedant phlegm,
Would make all genius creep with them.

Nay, e'en professors of the art,
To prove their wit betray their heart,
And speak against themselves, to show,
What they would hate the world shou'd know.

As

As when the measur'd coup'ets curse,
 The manacles of Gothic verse,
 While the trim bard in *easy* strains,
 Talks much of *fetters, clogs, and chains*;
 He only aims that you should think,
 How charmingly he makes them clink.
 So have I seen in tragic stride,
 The hero of the Mourning Bride,
 Sullen and sulky tread the stage,
 Till, fixt attention to engage,
 He flings his fetter'd arms about,
 That all may find ALPHONSO out.

Oft have I heard it said by those,
 Who most shou'd blush to be her foes,
 That rhyme's impertinent vexation,
 Shackles the brave imagination,
 Which longs with eager zeal to try
 Her trackless path above the sky,
 But that the clog upon her feet,
 Restrains her flight, and damps her heat.

From BOILEAU down to his translators,
 Dull paraphrasts, and imitators,
 All rail at metre at the time
 They write and owe their sense to rhyme.

Had

Had HE so maul'd his gentle foe,
 But for that lucky word QUINEAUT ?
 Or had his strokes been half so fine,
 Without that closing name COTIN ?
 Yet dares He on this very theme,
 His own APOLLO to blaspheme,
 And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and sense,
 And murders which ensu'd from thence,
 As if they both resolv'd to meet,
 Like Theban sons, in mutual heat,
 Forgetful of the ties of brother,
 To maim and massacre each other.

'Tis true, sometimes to coſtly brains,
 A couplet coſts exceeding pains ;
 But where the fancy waits the ſkill
 Of fluent eaſy drefs at will,
 The thoughts are oft, like colts which ſtray
 From fertile meads, and loſe their way,
 Clapt up and faſten'd in the pound
 Of meaſur'd rhyme, and barren ſound.

—What are theſe jarring notes I hear,
 Grating harſh diſcord on my ear !
 How ſhrill, how coarſe, th' unſettl'd tone,
 Alternate 'twixt a ſqueak and drone,

Worſe

Worse than the scrannel pipe of straw,
 Or music grinding on a saw !
 Will none that horrid fiddle break ?
 —O spare it for GIARDINI's sake.
 'Tis *His*, and only errs by chance,
 Play'd by the hand of ignorance.

From this allusion I infer,
 'Tis not the art, but artists err,
 And rhyme's a fiddle, sweet indeed,
 When touch'd by those who well can lead,
 Whose varied notes harmonious flow,
 In tones prolong'd from sweeping bow ;
 But harsh the sounds to ear and mind,
 From the poor fidler lame and blind,
 Who begs in music at your door,
 And thrums *Jack Latin* o'er and o'er.

Some MILTON-mad (an affectation
 Glean'd up from college education)
 Approve no verse, but that which flows
 In epithetic measur'd prose,
 With trim expressions gaily drest
 Stol'n, misapply'd, and not confest,
 And call it writing in the stile
 Of that great HOMER of our isle.

Whilom,

Whilom, what time, estoons and erst,
 (So prose is oftentimes *beverst*)
 Sprinkled with quaint fantastic phrase,
 Uncouth to ears of modern days,
 Make up the metre, which they call
 Blank, CLASSICK BLANK, their All in All.

Can only blank admit sublime?
 Go, read and measure DRYDEN's rhyme.
 Admire the magic of his song,
 See how his numbers roll along,
 With ease and strength and varied pause,
 Nor cramp'd by sound, nor metre's laws.

Is harmony the gift of rhyme?
 Read, if you can, your MILTON's chime;
 Where taste, not wantonly severe,
 May find the measure, not the ear.

As rhyme, rich rhyme, was DRYDEN's choice,
 And blank has MILTON's nobler voice,
 I deem it as the subjects lead,
 That either measure will succeed.
 That rhyme will readily admit
 Of fancy, numbers, force and wit;

But tho' each couplet has its strength,
It palls in works of epic length.

For who can bear to read or hear,
Tho' not offensive to the ear,
The mighty BLACKMORE gravely sing
Of ARTHUR PRINCE, and ARTHUR KING,
Heroic poems without number,
Long, lifeless, leaden, lulling lumber;
Nor pity such laborious toil,
And loss of midnight time and oil?
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,
But still, (tho' peace be to the dead,)
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.

So have I seen upon the road,
A waggon of a mountain's load,
Broad-wheel'd, and drawn by horses eight,
Pair'd like great folks who strut in state:
While the gay steeds, as proud as strong,
Drag the slow tottering weight along,
Each as the steep ascent he climbs,
Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.

The

The Muses dwelt on OVID's tongue,
 For OVID never said, but *sung*,
 And POPE (for POPE affects the same)
 In *numbers lisp'd*, for *numbers came*.
 Thus, in historic page I've read
 Of some queen's daughter, fairy-bred,
 Who could not either cough or spit,
 Without some precious flow of wit,
 While her fair lips were as a spout,
 To tumble pearls and diamonds out.

Yet, tho' dame nature may bestow
 This knack of verse, and jingling flow:
 (And thousands have that impulse felt,
 With whom the Muses never dwelt)
 Tho' it may save the lab'ring brain
 From many a thought-perplexing pain,
 And while the rhyme presents itself,
 Leaves BYSSHE untouch'd upon the shelf;
 Yet more demands the critic ear,
 Than the two catch-words in the rear,
 Which stand like watchmen in the close,
 To keep the verse from being prose.
 But when reflexion has refin'd
 This boist'rous bias of the mind,

When harmony enriches sense,
 And borrows stronger charms from thence,
 When genius steers by judgment's laws,
 When proper cadence, varied pause
 Shew nature's strength combin'd with art,
 And thro' the ear possess the heart ;
 Then numbers come, and all before
 Is bab, dab, scab—mere rhymes—no more.

Some boast, which none could e'er impart,
 A secret principle of art,
 Which gives a melody to rhyme
 Unknown to Bards in antient time.
 And BOILEAU leaves it as a rule
 To all who enter PHOEBUS' school,
 To make the metre strong and fine,
 Poets write first your *second* line.
 'Tis folly all — No poet flows
 In tuneful verse, who thinks in prose ;
 And all the mighty secret here
 Lies in the niceness of the ear.

E'en in this measure, when the muse,
 With genuine ease, her way pursues,
 Tho' she affect to hide her skill,
 And walks the town in deshabille,

Something

Something peculiar will be seen
 Of air, or grace, in shape or mien,
 Which will, tho' carelessly display'd,
 Distinguish MADAM from her maid.

Here, by the way of critic sample,
 I give the precept and example.
 Four feet, you know, in ev'ry line
 Is PRIOR's measure, and is mine;
 Yet Taste wou'd ne'er forgive the crime
 To talk of mine with PRIOR's rhyme.

Yet, take it on a Poet's word,
 There are who foolishly have err'd,
 And marr'd their proper reputation,
 By sticking close to imitation.
 A double rhyme is often sought
 At strange expence of time and thought;
 And tho' sometimes a lucky hit
 May give a zest to BUTLER's wit;
 Whatever makes the measure halt
 Is beauty seldom, oft a fault.
 For when we see the wit and pains,
 The twisting of the stubborn brains,
 To cramp the sense within the bound
 Of some queer double treble sound.

Hard is the Muse's travail, and 'tis plain
 'Tis pinion'd sense, and EASE in PAIN;
 'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about
 With flannel in the racking gout.
 But here, methinks, 'tis more than time
 To wave both simile and rhyme;
 For while, as pen and Muses please,
 I talk so much of ease and ease,
 Tho' the words mention'd o'er and o'er,
 I scarce have thought of yours before.

'Tis true, when writing to one's friend,
 'Tis a rare science when to end,
 As 'tis with wits a common sin
 To want th' attention to begin.
 So, Sir, (at last indeed) adieu,
 Believe me, as you'll find me, true;
 And if henceforth, at any time,
 APOLLO whispers you in rhyme,
 Or Lady Fancy should dispose
 Your mind to sally out in prose,
 I shall receive, with hallow'd awe,
 The Muse's mail from FLEXNEY's draw.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A
HAMPER OF WINE.

Decipit Exemplar vitiis imitabile.

HOR.

FOND of the loose familiar vein,
Which neither tires, nor cracks the brain,
The Muse is rather truant grown
To buckram works of higher tone ;
And tho' perhaps her pow'rs of rhyme,
Might rise to fancies more sublime,
Prefers this easy down-hill road,
To dangerous leaps at five-barr'd ODE,
Or starting in the Classic race
Jack-booted for an EPIC chace.

That Bard, as other Bards, divine,
Who was *a sacris* to the Nine,
DAN PRIOR I mean, with natural ease,
(For what's not nature cannot please)
Would sometimes make his rhyming bow,
And greet his friend as I do now ;

H 4

And

And, howsoe'er the critic train
 May hold my judgment rather vain,
 Allow me *one* resemblance true,
 I have my friend, a SHEPHERD too.

You know, dear Sir, the Muses nine,
 Tho' sober Maids are wooed in wine,
 And therefore, as beyond a doubt,
 You've found my dangling foible out,
 Send me nectareous Inspiration,
 Tho' others read Intoxication.
 For there are those who vainly use
 This grand Elixir of the Muse,
 And fancy in their apish fit,
 And idle trick of maudlin wit,
 Their genius takes a daring flight,
 'Bove PINDUS, or PLINLIMMON's height.
 Whilst more of madman than of poet,
 They're drunk indeed, and do not know it.

The Bard, whose charming measure flows
 With all the native ease of prose,
 Who, without flashy vain pretence,
 Has best adorn'd Eternal Sense,
 And, in his chearful moral page,
 Speaks to mankind in every age;

Tells

Tells us, from folks whose situation
 Makes them the mark of observation,
 Example oft gives Folly rise,
 And Imitation clings to Vice.

ENNIUS could never write, 'tis said,
 Without a bottle in his head ;
 And your own HORACE quaff'd his wine
 In plenteous draughts at BACCHUS' shrine ;
 Nay, ADDISON would oft unbend,
 T'indulge his *genius*, with a friend ;
 (For fancy, which is often dry,
 Must wet her wings, or cannot fly)
 What precedents for fools to follow
 Are BEN, the DEVIL and APOLLO !
 While the great gawky ADMIRATION,
 Parent of stupid Imitation,
 Intrinsic proper worth neglects,
 And copies Errors and Defects.

The man, secure in strength of Parts,
 Has no recourse to shuffling Arts,
 Seeks not his nature to disguise,
 Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,
 His wit, his faults at once displays,
 Careless of envy, or of praise ;

And

And foibles, which we often find
 Just on the surface of the mind,
 Strike common eyes, which can't discern
 What to avoid, and what to learn:

Errors in wit conspicuous grow,
 To use GAY's words, like specks in snow;
 Yet it were kind, at least, to make
 Allowance for the merit's sake ;
 And when such beauties fill the eye,
 To let the blemishes go by.
 Plague on your philosophic sots !
 I'll view the sun without its spots.

Wits are peculiar in their mode ;
 They cannot bear the hackney road
 And will contract habitual ways,
 Which sober people cannot praise,
 And fools admire : Such fools I hate ;
 — Begone, ye slaves, who imitate.

Poor SPURIUS ! eager to destroy
 And murder hours he can't enjoy,
 The last of witlings, next to dunce,
 Would fain turn Genius all at once,

But

But that the wretch mistakes his aim,
 And thinks a Libertine the same.
 Connected as the hand and glove,
 Is Madam POETRY and LOVE.
 Shall not *He* then possess his Muse,
 And fetch CORINNA from the stews,
 The burthen of his amorous verse,
 And charming melter of his purse,
 While happy REBUS tells the name
 Of His and DRURY's common *Flame*?
 How will the wretch at BACCHUS' shrine,
 Betray the cause of wit and wine,
 And waste in bawdy, port, and pun,
 In taste a very GOTH or HUN,
 Those *little hours*, of value more
 Than all the round of time before;
 When fancy brightens with the flask,
 And the heart speaks without a mask?

Must THOU, whose genius, dull and cool,
 Is muddy as the stagnant pool;
 Whose torpid soul and sluggish brains,
 Dullness pervades, and Wine disdains;
 Must *Thou* to nightly taverns run,
 APOLLO's guest, and JONSON's son?

And

And in thy folly's beaſtly fit,
 Attempt the fallies of a wit?
 Art thou the child of PHOEBUS' choir?
 Think of the Adage — Aſs and Lyre*.

If thou wouldſt really ſucceed,
 And be a *mimic* wit indeed,
 Let DRYDEN lend thee SHEFFIELD'S blows,
 Or like WILL. DAVENANT loſe your noſe.

O LUCIAN, Sire of antient wit,
 Who wedding, HUMOUR, didſt beget
 Thoſe doctors in the laughing ſchool,
 Thoſe Giant ſons of RIDICULE,
 SWIFT, RAB'LAIS, and † that favourite Child,
 Who, leſs excentrically wild,
 Inverts the miſanthropic Plan,
 And hating vices, hates not Man:
 How do I love thy gibing vein!
 Which glances at the mimic train
 Of ſots, who proud as modern beaus
 Of birth-day ſuits, and tinfel cloaths,

* Afinus ad Lyræ.

† The late inimitable HENRY FIELDING, Eſq.

Affecting cynical grimace
 With philosophic stupid face,
 In dirty hue, with naked feet,
 In rags and tatters, strole the street,
 OSTENSIVELY exceeding wise ;
 But Knaves, and Fools, and walking Lies,
 External Mimicry their plan,
 The monkey's copy after Man.

Wits too possess this affectation,
 And live a life of imitation,
 Are Slovens, Revellers and Brutes,
 Laborious, absent, prattlers, Mutes,
 From some example handed down
 Of some great Genius of Renown.

If ADDISON, from habit's trick,
 Could bite his fingers to the quick,
 Shall not I nibble from design,
 And be an ADDISON to mine?
 If POPE most feelingly complains
 Of aching head, and throbbing pains.
 My head and arm his posture hit,
 And I already *ache* for wit.
 If CHURCHILL, following nature's call,
 Has *head that never aches at all,*

With

With burning brow, and heavy eye,
I'll give my looks and pain the Lye.

If huge tall words of termination,
Which ask a Critic's explanation,
Come rolling out along with thought,
And seem to stand just where they ought;
If language more in grammar drest,
With greater emphasis exprest,
Unstudied, unaffected flows,
In some great Wit's *conversing* prose;
If from the tongue the period round
Fall into style, and swell to sound,
'Tis nature which herself displays,
And JOHNSON speaks a JOHNSON's phrase.

But can you hear, without a smile,
The formal coxcomb ape his style,
Who, most dogmatically wise,
Attempts to censure, and despise,
Affecting what he cannot reach,
A trim propriety of speech?
What tho' his pompous Language wear
The grand decisive solemn Air,
Where quaint ANTITHESIS prevails,
And Sentences are weighed in scales,

Can

Can you bow down with reverend awe
 Before this puppet king of straw?
 Or hush'd in mute attention sit,
 To hear this CRITIC, POET, WIT,
 PHILOSOPHER, all, all at once,
 And to compleat them all, this—DUNCE?
 —All this you'll say is mighty fine,
 But what has this to do with Wine?

Have patience and the Muse shall tell
 What you, my friend, know full as well.
 Vices in Poets, Wits and Kings,
 Are catching *imitable* things;
 And frailties standing out to view,
 Become the objects fools pursue.
 Thus have I pictures often seen,
 Where features neither speak nor mean,
 Yet spite of all the Face will strike,
 And mads us that it should be like,
 When all the near resemblance grows,
 From scratch or pimple on the Nose.

To Poets then (I mean not here
 The scribbling Drudge, or scribbling Peer,
 Nor those who have the monthly fit,
 The Lunatics of modern Wit)

To

To PoETS Wine is inspiration,
Blockheads get drunk in Imitation.

As different Liquors different ways
Affect the body, sometimes raise
The fancy to an Eagle's flight,
And make the heart feel wondrous light;
At other times the circling mug,
Like LETHE's draught, or opiate drug,
Will strike the senses on a heap,
When Folks talk wise, who talk asleep;
A whimsical imagination,
Might form a whimsical relation,
How every Author writes and thinks
Analagous to what he drinks,
While quaint Conjecture's lucky hit,
Finds out his bev'rage in his Wit.

Ye goodly dray-nymph Muses, hail !
MUM, PORTER, STINGO, MILD and STALE,
And chiefly thou of boasted fame,
Of ROMAN and IMPERIAL name.
O Purl ! all hail ! thy vot'ry steals,
His stockings dangling at his heels,
To where some pendent head invites
The Bard to set his own to rights,

Who

Who seeks thy influence divine,
 And pours libations on thy shrine,
 In wormwood draughts of inspiration,
 To whet his soul for defamation.

Hail too, your Domes ! whose Masters skill,
Takes up illustrious folks at will,
 And careless or of place or name,
Beheads and *hangs* to public fame
 Fine garter'd Knights, blue, red, or green,
 Lords, Earls and Dukes, nay King, or Queen,
 And sometimes pairs them both together,
 To dangle to the wind and weather ;
 Or claps some mighty General there,
 Who has not any head to spare.
 Or if it more his fancy suit,
 Pourtrays or fish, or bird, or brute,
 And lures the gaping, thirsty guest,
 To SCOTT's *entire*, or TRUEMAN's *best*.

Ye *chequer'd* Domes thrice hail ! for hence
 The fire of Wit, the froth of Sense,
 Here gentle Puns, ambiguous Joke,
 Burst forth oracular in smoke,
 And Inspiration pottle deep,
 Forgets her sons, and falls asleep.

Hence issue Treatises and Rhymes,
 The Wit and Wonder of the Times,
 Hence Scandal, Piracies and Lies,
 Defensive Pamphlets on EXCISE,
 The murd'rous Articles of News,
 And pert THEATRICAL REVIEWS.
 Hither, as to their Urns, repair,
 Bard, Publiſher, and minor Play'r,
 And o'er the Porter's foaming head
 Their venom'd malice nightly ſhed,
 And aim their batteries of dirt
 At Genius, which they cannot hurt.

Smack not *their* works, if verſe or proſe
 Offend your eye, or ear, or noſe,
 So frothy, vapid, ſtale, hum drum,
 Of STINGO, PORTER, PURL and MUM?
 And when the muſe *politely* jokes,
 Cannot you find the Lady ſmokes?
 And ſpite of all her inſpiration,
 Betrays her alehouſe education?

Alas! how very few are found,
 Whoſe ſtyle taſtes neat and full and ſound!
 In WILLMOT's looſe ungovern'd vein
 There is, I grant, much *burnt* CHAMPAIGN,
 And

And DORSET's lines all palates hit,
 The very BURGUNDY of wit.
 But when, obedient to the mode
 Of panegyric, courtly ode,
 The bard bestrides his annual hack,
 In vain I taste, and sip and smack,
 I find no flavour of the SACK. }
 But while I ramble and refine
 On flavour, Style, and Wit and Wine,
 Your Claret, which I would not waste,
 Recalls me to my proper taste;
 So ending, as 'tis more than time,
 At once my Letter, glass and rhyme,
 I take this bumper off to you,
 'Tis SHEPERD's health—dear friend, adieu.

THE CANDLE AND SNUFFER

A F A B L E.

“ **N**O author ever spar’d a brother :
 “ Wits are game cocks to one another.”
 But no antipathy so strong,
 Which acts so fiercely, lasts so long
 As that which rages in the breast
 Of *critic*, and of *wit* profess :
 When, eager for some bold emprise,
 WIT, Titan-like, affects the skies,
 When, full of energy divine,
 The mighty dupe of all the nine,
 Bids his kite soar on paper wing,
 The critic comes, and cuts the string ;
 Hence, dire contention often grows
 ’Twixt man of verse, and man of prose ;
 While prose-man deems the verse-man fool,
 And measures wit by line and rule,
 And, as he lops off fancy’s limb,
 Turns executioner of whim ;
 While genius, which too oft disdains
 To bear e’en honourable chains ;

(Such

(Such as a slieriff's self might wear,
Or grace the wisdom of a may'r)
Turns rebel to dame REASON's throne
And holds no judgment like his own,

Yet while they spatter mutual dirt,
In idle threats that cannot hurt,
Methinks they waste a deal of time,
Both fool in prose, and fool in rhyme,
And when the angry bard exclaims,
And calls a thousand paltry names,
He doth his critic mighty wrong,
And hurts the dignity of song.

The prefatory matter past
The tale, or story comes at last,

A candle stuck in flaring state
Within the nozel of French plate,
Tow'ring aloft with smoaky light,
The snuff and flame of wondrous height,
(For, virgin yet of amputation,
No force had check'd its inclination)
Sullen address'd with conscious pride,
The dormant snuffers at its side,

“ Mean vulgar tools, whose envious aim
“ Strikes at the vitals of my flame,
“ Your rude assaults shall hurt no more,
“ See how my beams triumphant soar !
“ See how I gayly blaze alone
“ With strength, with lustre all my own.

“ Lustre, good fir !” the snuffers cried,
“ Alas ! how ignorant is pride !
“ Thy light which wavers round the room,
“ Shews as the counterfeit of gloom,
“ Thy snuff which idly tow’rs so high
“ Will waste thy essence by and by,
“ Which, as I prize thy lustre dear
“ I fain would lop to make thee clear.
“ Boast not, old friend, thy random rays,
“ Thy wasting strength, and quiv’ring blaze,
“ You shine but as a beggar’s link,
“ To burn away, and die in stink,
“ No merit waits unsteady light,
“ You must burn *true* as well as *bright*.

Poets like candles all are puffers,
And *critics* are the candle snuffers.

T H E

THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR.

THO' pilot in the ship no more,
 To bring the cargo safe to shore;
 Permit, as time and place afford,
 A passenger to come aboard.

The shepherd who survey'd the deep,
 When all its tempests were asleep,
 Dreamt not of danger; glad was he
 To sell his flock, and put to sea.
 The consequence has Æsop told,
 He lost his venture, sheep and gold.
 So fares it with us sons of rhyme,
 From doggrel wit, to wit sublime;
 On ink's calm ocean all seems clear,
 No sands affright, no rocks appear;
 No lightnings blast, no thunders roar;
 No surges lash the peaceful shore;
 Till, all too vent'rous from the land,
 The tempests dash us on the strand:
 Then the low pirate boards the deck,
 And sons of theft enjoy the wreck.

The harlot muse so passing gay,
 Bewitches only to betray ;
 Tho' for a while, with easy air,
 She smooths the rugged brow of care,
 And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,
 With fancy's transitory gleams.
 Fond of the nothings she bestows,
 We wake at last to real woes.

Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
 Consider well the poet's case ;
 By turns protected and carefs'd,
 Defam'd, dependant, and distress'd ;
 The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
 The curse of fools, the butt of knaves ;
 Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
 To lacquey rogues, or flatter friends ;
 With prodigality to give,
 Too careless of the means to live :
 The bubble fame intent to gain,
 And yet too lazy to maintain ;
 He quits the world he never priz'd,
 Pitied by few, by more despis'd ;
 And lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,
 Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.

O glo-

O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
 Where men are ruin'd more than made,
 Let crazy LEE, neglected GAY,
 The shabby OTWAY, DRYDEN grey,
 Those tuneful servants of the nine,
 (Not that I blend their names with mine)
 Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
 And teach the world some useful shame,
 At first the Poet idly strays
 Along the greenward path of praise,
 Till on his journies up and down,
 To see, and to be seen, in town,
 What with ill-natur'd flings and rubs
 From flippan't bucks, and *hackney* scrubs,
 His toils thro' dust, thro' dirt, thro' gravel,
 Take off his appetite for travel.

Transient is fame's immediate breath,
 Though it blows stronger after death;
 Own then, with MARTIAL, after fate
 If glory comes, she comes too late.
 For who'd his time and labour give
 For praise, by which he cannot live?

But in APOLLO's court of fame
 (In this all courts are much the same)

By

By FAVOUR folks must make their way,
 FAVOUR, which lasts, perhaps, a day,
 And when you've twirl'd yourself about
 To wriggle *in*, you're wriggled *out*.
 'Tis from the sunshine of her eyes
 Each courtly insect lives or dies ;
 'Tis she dispenses all the graces
 Of profits, pensions, honours, places ;
 And in her light capricious fits
 Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,
 Gives vices, folly, dullness birth,
 Nay stamps the currency on worth ;
 'Tis she that lends the muse a spur,
 And even *Kissing* goes by Her.

Far in the sea a temple stands
 Built by dame ERROR's hasty hands,
 Where in her dome of lucid shells
 The visionary goddess dwells.
 Here o'er her subject sons of earth
 Regardless of place, or worth,
 She rules triumphant ; and supplies
 The gaping world with hopes and lies.
 Her throne, which weak and tott'ring seems,
 Is built upon the wings of dreams ;

The

The fickle winds her altars bear
 Which quiver to the shifting air ;
 Hither hath REASON seldom brought
 The child of VIRTUE or of THOUGHT,
 And JUSTICE with her equal face,
 Finds this, alas ! no throne of Grace.

CAPRICE, OPINION, FASHION wait,
 The porters at the temple's gate,
 And as the fond adorers press
 Pronounce fantastic happiness ;
 While FAVOUR with a SYREN's smile,
 Which might ULYSSES self beguile,
 Presents the sparkling bright libation,
 The nectar of intoxication ;
 And summoning her ev'ry grace
 Of winning charms, and chearful face,
 Smiles away Reason from his throne,
 And makes his votaries her own :
 Instant resounds the voice of fame,
 Caught with the whistlings of their name,
 The fools grow frantic, in their pride
 Contemning all the world beside :
 Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,
 The noisy pageant of an hour,

Struts

Struts forth the statesman, haughty vain,
 Amidst a supple servile train,
 With shrug, grimace, nod, wink, and stare,
 So proud, he almost treads in air ;
 While levee-fools, who sue for place,
 Crouch for employment from his Grace,
 And e'en good Bishops, taught to trim,
 Forsake their GOD to bow to him.

The Poet in that happy hour,
 Imagination in his pow'r,
 Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,
 Enjoys the liberty of mind :
 Dupe to the smoke of flimsy praise,
 He vomits forth sonorous lays ;
 And, in his fine poetic rage,
 Planning, poor soul, a deathless page,
 Indulges pride's fantastic whim,
 And all the WORLD must wake to HIM,

A while from fear, from envy free,
 He sleeps on a pacific sea ;
 Lethargic ERROR for a while
 Deceives him with her specious smile,
 And flatt'ring dreams delusive shed
 Gay gilded visions round his head.

When,

When, swift as thought, the goddess lewd
 Shifts the light gale ; and tempests rude,
 Such as the northern skies deform,
 When fell DESTRUCTION guides the storm,
 Transport him to some dreary isle
 Where FAVOUR never deign'd to smile.
 Where waking, helpless, all alone,
 'Midst craggy steeps and rocks unknown ;
 Sad scenes of woe his pride confound,
 And DESOLATION stalks around.
 Where the dull months no pleasures bring,
 And years roll round without a spring ;
 Where He all hopeless, lost, undone,
 Sees cheerless days that know no sun ;
 Where jibing SCORN her throne maintains
 Midst mildews, blights, and blasts, and rains.

Let others, with submissive knee,
 Capricious goddess ! bow to Thee ;
 Let them with fixt incessant aim
 Court-fickle favour, faithless fame ;
 Let vanity's fastidious slave
 Lose the kind moments nature gave,
 In invocations to the shrine
 Of Phœbus and the fabled Nine,

An

An author, to his latest days,
 From hunger, or from thirst of praise,
 Let him thro' every subject roam
 To bring the useful morsel home;
 Write upon LIBERTY oppress'd,
 On happiness, when most distress'd,
 Turn bookseller's obsequious tool,
 A monkey's cat, a mere fool's fool;
 Let him, unhallow'd wretch! profane
 The muse's dignity for gain,
 Yield to the dunce his sense contemns,
 Cringe to the knave his heart condemns,
 And, at a blockhead's bidding, force
 Reluctant genius from his course;
 Write ode, epistle, essay, libel,
 Make notes, or steal them, for the bible;
 Or let him, more judicial, fit
 The dull *Lord Chief*, on culprit wit,
 With rancor read, with passion blame,
 Talk high, yet fear to put his name,
 And from the dark, but useful shade,
 (Fit place for murd'rous ambushade,)
 Weak monthly shafts at merit hurl,
 The GILDON of some modern CURL.

For

For me, by adverse fortune plac'd
 Far from the colleges of taste,
 I jostle no poetic name ;
 I envy none their proper fame ;
 And if sometimes an easy vein,
 With no design, and little pain,
 Form'd into verse, hath pleas'd a while,
 And caught the reader's transient smile,
 My muse hath answer'd all her ends,
 Pleasing herself, while pleas'd her friends ;
 But, fond of liberty, disdains
 To bear restraint, or clink her chains ;
 Nor would, to gain a *Monarch's* FAVOUR,
 Let dulness, or her sons, enslave her.*

* These two last lines were added by the Editor ; to whom the piece was originally addressed on a particular occasion.

THE

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A T A L E.

THE very silliest things in life
 Create the most material strife.
 What scarce will suffer a debate,
 Will oft produce the bitterest hate.
 It *is*, you say ; I say *'tis not*
 —Why you grow warm — and you are hot.
 Thus each alike with passion glows,
 And words come first, and, after, blows.

Friend JERKIN had an income clear, —
 Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year,
 And rented, on the farming plan,
 Grounds at much greater sums *per ann.*
 A man of consequence, no doubt,
 'Mongst all his neighbours round about ;
 He was of frank and open mind,
 Too honest to be much refin'd,
 Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
 Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His

His wife was of another mould ;
 Her age was neither young nor old ;
 Her features strong, but somewhat plain ;
 Her air not bad, but rather vain ;
 Her temper neither new nor strange,
 A woman's, very apt to change ;
 What she most hated was conviction,
 What she most lov'd, flat CONTRADICTION.

A charming housewife ne'ertheless ;
 —Tell me a thing she could not dress,
 Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,
 Nought came amiss—she was so *wise*.
 For she, bred twenty miles from town,
 Had brought a world of breeding down,
 And Cumberland had seldom seen
 A farmer's wife with such a mein ;
 She could not bear the sound of *Dame* ;
 —No—*Mistress* JERKIN was her name.

She could harangue with wond'rous grace
 On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace ;
 But tho' she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
 She had a vast contempt for spouse,
 As being one who *took no pride*,
 And was a *deal too countrified*.

Such were our couple, man and wife ;
 Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair
 For exercise and chearful air,
 It happen'd in his morning's roam,
 He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
 —Here, CICELY, take away my gun —
 How shall we have these starlings done ?
 Done ! what my love ? Your wits are wild ;
 Starlings, my dear ; they're thrushes child.
 Nay now but look, confider, wife,
 They're starlings—No—upon my life :
 Sure I can judge as well as you,
 I know a thrush and starling too.
 Who was it shot them, you or I ?
 They're starlings—thrushes—zounds you lie.
 Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
 I scorn your language as your bird ;
 It ought to make a husband blush,
 To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.
 Thrush, Cicely !—Yes—a starling—No,
 The lie again, and then a blow.
 Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
 And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.

Peace

Peace soon ensued, and all was well :
 It were imprudence to rebel,
 Or keep the ball up of debate
 Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
 'Twas *as you like*, and *what you please*,
 'Till in its course and order due,
 Came March the twentieth, fifty two.
 Quoth Cicely, this is charming life,
 No tumults now, no blow, no strife.
 What fools we were this day last year !
 Lord, how you beat me then, my dear !
 —Sure it was idle and absurd
 To wrangle so about a bird ;
 A bird not worth a single rush—
 A starling — no, my love, a thrush,
 That I'll maintain — that I'll deny.
 —You're wrong, good husband — wife, you lie.

Again the self-same wrangle rose,
 Again the lye, again the blows.
 Thus every year (true man and wife)
 Ensues the same domestic strife.

Thus every year their quarrel ends,
 They argue, fight, and bufs, and friends ;
 'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling ;
 You dog, you b— ; my dear, my darling.

Dear darling

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO *****.

WHAT, three months gone, and never send
 A single letter to a friend?
 In that time, sure, we might have known
 Whether you fat or lean was grown;
 Whether your host was short or tall,
 Had manners good, or none at all;
 Whether the neighb'ring squire you found
 As mere a brute as fox or hound;
 Or if the parson of the place
 (With all due rev'rence to his grace)
 Took much more pains himself to keep,
 Than to instruct and feed his sheep;
 At what hour of the day you dine;
 Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine;
 Whether you hunt, or shoot, or ride;
 Or, by some muddy ditch's side,
 Which you, in visionary dream,
 Call bubbling rill, or purling stream,
 Sigh for some awkward country lass,
 Who must of consequence surpass
 All that is beautiful and bright,
 As much as day surpasses night;

Whether the people eat and drink,
 Or ever talk, or ever think ;
 If, to the honour of their parts,
 The men have heads, the women hearts ;
 If the moon rises and goes down,
 And changes as she does in town ;
 If you've returns of night and day,
 And seasons varying roll away ;
 Whether your mind exalted woos
 Th' embraces of a serious muse ;
 Or if you write, as I do now,
 The L—d knows what, the L—d knows how.—
 These, and a thousand things like these,
 The friendly heart are sure to please.

Now will my friend turn up his eyes,
 And look superlatively wise ;
 Wonder what all this stuff's about,
 And how the plague I found him out !
 When he had taken so much pains,
 In order to regale his brains
 With privacy and country air,
 To go, no soul alive knew where !
 Besides, 'tis folly to suppose
 That any person breathing goes

On

On such a scheme, with a design
 To write or read such stuff as mine,
 And idly waste his precious time
 In all th' impertinence of rhyme.

My good, wife, venerable fir !
 Why about nonsense all this stir !
 Is it, that you would stand alone,
 And read no nonsense but your own ;
 Tho' you're (to tell you, by the bye)
 Not half so great a fool as I ;
 Or is it that you make pretence,
 Being a fool, to have some sense ?

And would you really have my muse
 Employ herself in writing news,
 And most unconscionably teize her
 With rhyming to Warsaw and Wefer ;
 Or toss up a poetic olio,
 Merely to bring in Marshal Broglie ?
 Should I recite what now is doing,
 Or what for future times is brewing,
 Or triumph that the poor French see all
 Their hopes defeated at Montreal,
 Or should I your attention carry
 To Fred'rick, Ferdinand, or Harry,

Of flying Russian, dastard Swede,
 And baffled Austria let you read ;
 Or gravely tell with what design
 The youthful Henry pass'd the Rhine ?
 Or should I shake my empty head,
 And tell you that the king is dead,
 Observe what changes will ensue,
 What will be what, and who'll be who,
 Or leaving these things to my betters,
 Before you set the state of letters ?
 Or should I tell domestic jars,
 How author against author wars,
 How both with mutual envy rankling,
 Fr--k--ng damns M--rp--y, M--rp--y Fr--k--ng ?
 Or will it more your mind engage
 To talk of actors and the stage,
 To tell, if any words could tell,
 What GARRICK acts still, and how well,
 That SHERIDAN with all his care
 Will always be a labour'd play'r,
 And that his acting at the best
 Is all but art, and art confess ;
 That BRIDE, if reason may presume
 To judge by things past, things to come,
 In future times will tread the stage,
 Equally form'd for love and rage,

Whilst

Whilst POPE for comic humour fam'd,
 Shall live when CLIVE no more is nam'd.

Your wisdom I suppose can't bear
 About dull pantomime to hear ;
 Nor would you have a single word
 Of Harlequin, and wooden sword,
 Of dumb shew, fools tricks, and wry faces,
 And wit which lies all in grimaces,
 Nor should I any thing advance
 Of new invented comic dance.

Callous, perhaps, to things like these,
 Would it your worship better please,
 That I, more loaden than the camels,
 Should crawl in philosophic trammels ?
 Should I attack the stars, and stray
 In triumph o'er the milky way,
 And like the TITANS try to move
 From seat of empire royal JOVE,
 Then spread my terrors all around,
 And his Satellites confound,
 Teach the war far and wide to rage,
 And ev'ry star by turns engage ?
 The danger we should share between us,
 You fight with MARS and I with VENUS.

Or

Or should I rather, if I cou'd,
 Talk of words little understood,
 Centric, eccentric, epicycle,
 Fine words the vulgar ears to tickle !
 'A vacuum, plenum, gravitation,
 And other words of like relation,
 Which may agree with studious men,
 But hurt my teeth, and gag my pen ;
 Things of such grave and serious kind
 Puzzle my head and plague my mind ;
 Besides in writing to a friend
 A man may any nonsense send,
 And the chief merit to impart,
 The honest feelings of his heart.

C H A.

CHARITY. A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY.

WORTH is excis'd, and Virtue pays
A heavy Tax for barren praise.

A friend to universal Man,
Is universal good your plan?
God may perhaps your project bless,
But man shall strive to thwart success.
Tho' the grand scheme thy thoughts pursue,
Bespeak a noble generous view,
Where CHARITY o'er all presides,
And SENSE approves what VIRTUE guides,
Yet wars and tumults will commence,
For Rogues hate virtue, Blockheads sense.

Believe me, Opposition grows
Not always from our real foes,
But (where it seldom ever ends)
From our more dangerous seeming friends.
I hate not foes, for they declare,
'Tis War for War, and dare who dare ;

But

But your fly, sneaking, worming souls,
 Whom FRIENDSHIP scorns, and FEAR controuls,
 Who praise, support, and help by halves,
 Like Heifers, neither Bulls nor Calves ;
 Who, in Hypocrisy's disguise,
 Are truly *as the Serpent wise*,
 But cannot ALL the precept love,
 And *be as harmless as the Dove*.
 Who hold each charitable meeting,
 To mean no more than good sound eating,
 While each becomes a hearty fellow
 According as he waxes mellow,
 And kindly helps the main design,
 By drinking its success in wine ;
 And when his feet and senses reel,
 Totters with correspondent zeal ;
 Nay, would appear a patron wise,
 But that his wisdom's in disguise,
 And would harangue, but that his mouth,
 Which ever hates the sin of drowth,
 Catching the full perpetual glass,
 Cannot afford a word to pass.

Such, who like true Churchwardens eat,
 Because the Parish pays the treat,

And

And of their bellyful secure,
O'ersee, or *over-look* the poor,
 Who would no doubt be wond'rous just,
 And faithful Guardians of their trust,
 But think the deed might run more clever
To them and to their Heirs for ever,
 That Charity, too apt to roam,
 Might end, where she begins, at home ;
 Who make all public good a trade,
 Benevolence a mere parade,
 And Charity a cloak for sin,
 To keep it snug and warm within ;
 Who flatter, only to betray,
 Who promise much and never pay,
 Who wind themselves about your heart
 With hypocritic, knavish art,
 Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,
 And undermine you to your ruin ;
 Such, or of low or high estate,
 To speak the honest truth, I hate :
 I view their tricks with indignation,
 And loath each fulsom protestation,
 As I would loath a whore's embrace,
 Who smiles, and smirks, and stroaks my face,
 And all so tender, fond and kind,
 As free of body, as of mind,

Affects

Affects the softness of the Dove,
And p—xes me to shew her Love.

The Maiden wither'd, wrinkled pale,
Whose charms, tho' strong, are rather stale,
Will use that weapon call'd a tongue,
To wound the beauteous and the young.
—What, DELIA handsome!—well!—I own
I'm either blind or stupid grown.
—The girl is well enough to pass,
A rosy, simple, rustic lass;
—But there's no meaning in her face,
And then her air, so void of grace!
And all the world, with half an eye,
May see her shape grows quite awry.
—I speak not from an ill design,
For she's a favourite of mine,
—Tho' I could wish that she would wear
A more reserved becoming air;
Not that I hear of indiscretions,
Such folks, you know, make no confessions,
Tho' the WORLD says, that Parson there,
That smock-fac'd Man, with darkish hair,
He who wrote verses on her bird,
The simplest things I ever heard,
Makes

Makes frequent visits there of late,
 And is become exceeding great ;
 This I myself aver is true,
 I saw him lead her to his pew.

Thus scandal, like a false quotation,
 Misrepresents in defamation ;
 And where she haply cannot spy
 A loop whereon to hang a lye,
 Turns every action wrong side out
 To bring her paultry tale about.

Thus Excellence of every kind,
 Whether of body or of mind,
 Is but a mark set up on high,
 For knaves to guide their arrows by,
 A mere Scotch Post for public itch,
 Where Hog, or Man, may scrub his breech.

But thanks to nature, which ordains
 A just reward for all our pains,
 And makes us stem, with secret pride,
 Hoarse DISAPPOINTMENT's rugged tide,
 And like a lordly ship, which braves
 The roar of winds, and rush of waves,

Weather

Weather all storms, which jealous Hate
 Or frantic Malice may create.
 'Tis CONSCIENCE, a reward alone,
 CONSCIENCE, who plac'd on Virtue's throne,
 Eyes raging men, or raging seas,
 Undaunted, firm, with heart at ease.

From her dark Cave, tho' ENVY rise
 With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,
 Tho' HATRED league with FOLLY vain,
 And SPLEEN and RANCOUR join the train ;
 Shall VIRTUE shrink, abash'd, afraid,
 And tremble at an idle shade ?
 Fear works upon the Fool, or Knave,
 An honest man is always brave.
 While OPPOSITION's fruitless aim
 Is as the bellows to the flame,
 And, like a Pagan persecution,
 Enforces FAITH and RESOLUTION.

Tho' Prejudice in narrow minds,
 The mental eye of reason blinds ;
 Tho' WIT, which not e'en friends will spare,
 Affect the sneering, laughing air,
 Tho' DULLNESS, in her monkish gown,
 Display the WISDOM of a frown,

Yet

Yet TRUTH will force herself, in spite
Of all their efforts, into light.

See Bigot Monks in Spain prevail,
See GALILÆO dragg'd to gaol :
Hear the grave Doctors of the schools,
The *Golgotha* of learned Fools,
As *damnable* and *impious* brand
That art they cannot understand,
And out of zeal pervert the Bible,
As if it were a standing Libel,
On every good and useful plan
That rises in the brain of man.

O BIGOTRY ! whose frantic rage
Has blotted half the classic page,
And in Religion's drunken fit,
Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit ;
Who zealous for that Faith's encrease,
Whose *ways are righteousness and peace*,
With rods and whips, and sword, and axe,
With prisons, tortures, flames and racks ;
With persecution's fiery goad,
Enforcing some new-fangl'd mode,
Wouldst pluck down REASON from her throne
To raise some phantom of thy own ;

Alas! thy fury undiscerning,
Which blasts, and stunts, and hews up Learning,
Like an ill-judging zealous friend,
Blasphemes that Wisdom you defend.

Go, kick the prostituted whores,
The *nine* stale *virgins* out of doors;
For let the Abbess beat her drum,
Eleven thousand troops shall come;
All female forms, and virgins true,
As ever Saint or Poet knew.
And glorious be the honour'd name
Of WINIFREDE, of SAINTED fame,
Who to the Church like light'ning sped,
And ran three miles without her head;
(Well might the modest Lady run,
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)
And when before the congregation
The Prince fell dead for reparation,
Secure of Life as well as Honour,
Ran back with both her heads upon her.

No matter of what shape or size,
Gulp down the Legendary Lies,
Believe, what neither God ordains,
Nor Christ allows, nor sense maintains;

Make

Make Saint of Pope, or Saint of Thief,
 Believe almost in unbelief;
 Yet with thy solemn priestly air,
 By book and bell, and candle swear,
 That God has made his own elect
 But from your stem and favorite sect;
 That He who made the world, has blest
 One part alone, to damn the rest,
 As if th' Allmerciful and Just,
 Who form'd us of one common dust,
 Had rendered up his own decree,
 And lent his attributes to thee.

Thus his own eyes the Bigot blinds,
 To shut out light from human minds,
 And the clear truth (an emanation
 From the great Author of creation,
 A beam transmitted from on high,
 To bring us nearer to the sky,
 While ev'ry path by science trod,
 Leads us with wonder up to God)
 Is doom'd by Ignorance to make
 Atonement at the Martyr's stake;
 Tho', like pure gold, th' illustrious dame,
 Comes forth the brighter from the flame.

No persecution will avail,
 No inquisition racks, nor gaol;
 When Learning's more enlight'ned ray
 Shall drive these sickly fogs away;
 A thankful age shall pay her more,
 Than all her troubles hurt before.
 See Shame and Scorn await on those
 Who poorly dar'd to be her foes,
 But will the grateful voice of fame
 Sink Truth, and GALILÆO's name?

How wilful, obstinate and blind,
 Are the main herd of human kind!
 Well said the Wit, who well had tried
 That malice which his Parts defied;
 When merit's sun begins to break,
 The Dunces stretch, and strive to wake,
 And amity of Dunce with Dunce,
 Fingers out Genius all at once.
 As you may find the honey out,
 By seeing all the flies about.
 All ugly Women hate a toast;
 The goodliest fruit is pick'd the most;
 The ivy winds about the oak,
 And to the fairest comes the smoke.

Escap'd

Escap'd the dangers of the deep,
 When GULLIVER fell fast asleep,
 Stretch'd on the Lilliputian strand,
 A Giant in a pigmy Land ;
 Watchful against impending harms,
 All Lilliput cried out, To arms ;
 The trumpets echoed all around,
 The Captain slept exceeding sound,
 Tho' crowds of undistinguish'd size
 Assail'd his body, legs and thighs,
 While clouds of arrows flew apace,
 And fell like feathers on his face.

T H E W H I M.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. W. WOTY.

THE praise of Genius will offend
 A foe no doubt, sometimes a friend ;
 But curse on genius, wit and parts ,
 The thirst of science, love of arts,
 If inconsistent with the plan
 Of social good from man to man.
 For me, who will, may wear the bays,
 I value not such idle praise :
 Let wrangling wits abuse, defame,
 And quarrel for an empty name,
 What's in this shuffling pace of rhyme,
 Or *grand pas* stride of stiff sublime,
 That vanity her trump should blow,
 And look with scorn on folks below ?
 Are wit and folly close ally'd,
 And match'd, like poverty, with pride ?
 When rival bards for fame contend,
 The poet often spoils the friend ;
 Genius self-center'd feels alone
 That merit he esteems his own,

And

And cold, o'er jealous, and severe,
 Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;
 Malice steps in, good nature flies,
 Folly prevails, and friendship dies.
 Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
 With those who bear about a hell,
 Who blast all worth with envy's breath,
 By their own feelings stung to death.
 None but a weak and brainless fool,
 Undisciplin'd in fortune's school,
 Can hope for favours from the wit:
 He pleads prescription to forget,
 Unnotic'd let him live or rot,
 And, as forgetful, be forgot.
 Most wags, whose pleasure is to *smoke*,
 Wou'd rather lose their friend, than joke;
 A man in rags looks something *queer*,
 And there's *vast humour* in a sneer;
 That jest, alike all witlings suits,
 Which lies no further than *the boots*.
 Give me the man whose open mind
 Means social good to all mankind;
 Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
 Is toppled headlong to the ground,
 Can meet him with a warm embrace,
 And wipe the tear from sorrow's face.

Who, not self-taught and proudly wise,
 Seeks more to comfort than advise,
 Who less intent to shine than please,
 Wears his own mirth with native ease;
 And is from sense, from nature's plan,
 The jovial guest, the honest man;
 In short, whose picture, painted true,
 In ev'ry point resembles you.

And will my friend for once excuse
 This off'ring of a lazy muse,
 Most lazy,—lest you think her not,
 I'll draw her picture on the spot.
 A perfect ease the dame enjoys;
 Three chairs her indolence employs:
 On one she squats her cushion'd bum,
 Which wou'd not rise, tho' kings should come;
 An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
 A leg lies *couchant* on its brother.
 To make her look supremely wise,
 At least like wisdom in disguise,
 The weed, which first by *Raleigh* brought,
 Gives thinking looks instead of thought,
 She smokes, and smokes; without all feeling,
 Save as the eddies climb the cieling,

And

And waft about their mild perfume,
 She marks their passage round the room.
 When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
 A pot of beer prevents her drowth,
 Which with *potations pottle deep*
 Lulls the poor maudlin muse to sleep.
 Her books of which sh'as wond'rous need,
 But neither pow'r nor will to read,
 In scatter'd tomes lie all around
 Upon the lowest shelf—the ground.

Such ease no doubt suits *easy* rhyme ;
 Folks walk about who write SUBLIME,
 While RECITATION's pompous sound
 Drawls words sonorous all around,
 And ACTION waves her hand and head,
 As those who bread and butter spread.

You bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
 Who strike the roof, and kick the earth,
 Whose muse superlatively high
 Takes lodgings always near the sky ;
 And like the lark with daring flight
 Still soars and sings beyond our sight ;
 May trumpet forth your grand sublime,
 And scorn our lazy lounging rhyme.

Yet

Yet tho' the lark in æther floats,
 And trills no doubt diviner notes,
 Carelessly perch'd on yonder spray,
 The linnet sings a pretty lay.

What horrid, what tremendous sight
 Shakes all my fabric with affright !
 With ARGUS' hundred eyes he marks,
 With triple mouth the monster barks ;
 And while he scatters flaming brands
 BRIAREUS lends him all his hands.

Hift ! 'tis a CRITIC.—Yes—'tis he—
 What wou'd your graceless form with me ?
 Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
 Of spinning unlaborious rhyme,
 Of stringing various thoughts together
 In verse, or prose, or both, or neither ?
 A vein, which tho' it must offend
 You *lofty* sirs who can't *descend*,
 To fame has often made its way
 From BUTLER, PRIOR, SWIFT and GAY ;
 Is it for this your brow austere
 Frowns me to stone for very fear ?
 Hear my just reason first, and then
 Approve me right, or split my pen.

I seek

I seek not by more labour'd lays
 To catch the slipp'ry tail of praise,
 Nor will I run a mad career
 'Gainst genius which I most revere;
 When Phœbus bursts with genuine fire,
 The little stars at once retire;
 Who cares a farthing for those lays
 Which you can neither blame, nor praise?
 I cannot match a CHURCHILL's skill,
 But may be LANGHORNE when I will.

Let the mere mimic, for each season bears
 Your mimic Bards as well as mimic play'rs,
 Creep servilely along, and with dull pains
 Lash his slow steed, in whose enfeebled veins
 The cold blood lags, let him with fruitless aim
 By borrow'd plumes assume a borrow'd fame,
 With studied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
 And ape the numbers of a CHURCHILL's style.
 Slaves may some fame from imitation hope;
 Who'd be PAUL WHITEHEAD, tho' he honours POPE?
 If clinking couplets in one endless chime
 Be the sole beauty, and the praise of rhyme;
 If sound alone an easy triumph gains,
 While fancy bleeds, and sense is hung in chains,
Ye

Ye happy triflers hail the rising mode ;
 See, all Parnassus is a turnpike road,
 Where each may travel in the highway track
 On true bred hunter, or on common hack.
 For me, who labour with poetic sin,
 Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
 Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
 And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
 Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,
 Nor ting'd with envy wish that genius mine.
 To CHURCHILL's muse can bow with decent awe,
 Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law :
 Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to please ;
 Be his the STRENGTH of NUMBERS, mine the EASE.
 Ease that rejects not, but betrays no care :
 Less of the coxcomb than the sloven's air.

Your taste, as mine, all metre must offend,
 When imitation is its only end.
 I could perhaps that servile task pursue,
 And copy CHURCHILL as I'd copy you,
 But that my flippant muse, too saucy grown,
 Prefers that manner she can call her own.

O D E T O G E N I U S.

THOU child of nature, genius strong,
 Thou master of the poet's song,
 Before whose light, Art's dim and feeble ray
 Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day :
 Thou lov'st to steal along the secret shade,
 Where Fancy, bright aerial maid !
 Awaits thee with her thousand charms,
 And revels in thy wanton arms.
 She to thy bed, in days of yore,
 The sweetly warbling Shakespeare bore ;
 Whom every muse endow'd with every skill,
 And dipt him in that sacred rill,
 Whose silver streams flow musical along,
 Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount resounds with rap-
 tur'd song.

Forsake not thou the vocal choir,
 Their breasts revisit with thy genial fire,
 Else vain the studied sounds of mimic art,
 Tickle the ear, but come not near the heart.
 Vain every phrase in curious order set,
 On each side leaning on the [stop-gap] epithet.
 Vain the quick rhyme still tinkling in the close,
 While pure description shines in measur'd prose.

Thou bear'st aloof, and look'st with high disdain,
 Upon the dull mechanic train ;
 Whose nerveless strains flag on in languid tone,
 Lifeless and lumpish as the bagpipe's drowzy drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
 No poet offers up his lays ;
 Inspir'd with energy divine,
 To worship at thy sacred shrine.
 Since taste * with absolute domain,
 Extending wide her leaden reign,
 Kills with her melancholy shade,
 The blooming scyons of fair fancy's tree ;
 Which erst full wantonly have stray'd
 In many a wreath of richest poesie.
 For when the oak denies her stay,
 The creeping ivy winds her humble way ;
 No more she twists her branches round,
 But drags her feeble stem along the barren ground.

Where then shall exil'd genius go ?
 Since only those the laurel claim,
 And boast them of the poet's name,
 Whose sober rhymes in even tenour flow ;

* By Taste, is here meant the modern affectation of it.

Who

Who prey on words, and all their flow'rets cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.

Why sleep the sons of genius now?

Why, Wartons, rests the lyre unstrung?

*And thou, blest bard! around whose sacred brow,
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung:

Arise, and snatch the majesty of song
From dullness' servile tribe, and art's unhallow'd
throng.

* Dr. Akenfide.

P R O L O G U S, 1757.

EST Schola Rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra
 juvenus,
 Et tumido inflatos ejicit ore sonos.
 Quà quisque assumit tragicas novus histriò partes,
 Nec loquitur, verbum quin sapit omne, pathos.
 Ingenia hic crescunt, mox successura theatri,
 Regis, amatoris, prompta subire vices.
 Multus ibi furii Macbetha agitatus iniquis,
 Elusâ telum prendit inane manu.
 Multus ibi, infuscat cui vultus suber adustum
 Immodicis sævit raucus Othello minis.
 Omnia queis tragicis opus est, hic arma parantur;
 Auribus insidiæ sunt, oculisque suæ:
 Conatus manuumque, pedumque, orisque rotundi,
 Certatim et vultus vis, laterumque labor.
 Quam sibi, dum gestu stat fixus quisque silenti,
 Quam placet a speculo forma reflexa sui!
 Hac studeant, cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri!
 Non tamen est *NOBIS inde* petendus honor.
 Ingenua ut pubes vultum sibi sumat apertum,
 Et sensim assuescat fortius ore loqui;
 Ne dubiis tandem verba eluctantia labris
 Occludat timidus præpediatque pudor,
Ingre-

Ingredimur scenam; nec clam Vos, Docta Corona,
 Commoda ab hoc tenui quanta labore fluant.
 Hinc SAPERE ET FARI discit generosa juvenus,
 Dum pavida accendit pectora laudis amor.
 Freti his, majorem mox ingrediemur arenam;
 Hic stabilita vigent Curia, Rostra, Forum.

P R O L O G U S, 1758.

HIC nihil ad populum--non pompa hic vana theatri,
 Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare solet :
 Non scena hic splendet magicâ variabilis arte,
 Et sumit formas prodigiosa novas.
 Non hic, librato subvectus fune per auras,
 Mercurius celeres itque reditque vias.
 Nec freta cæruleâ turgent undosa papyro,
 Nec resinato fulgurat igne polus.
 Janua nec cæcos aperit furtiva recessus,
 Unde minutatim proferat umbra caput.
 Quin valeant levia hæc vulgi crepitacula ! jactant
 Et proprium, et simplex, nostra theatra decus.
 —Heus ! nemòn audit ? —fac fursum aulea trahantur !
 —En ! qualis qualis sit, NOVA SCENA patet.
 En Illæ, quas Vos semper coluistis, Athenæ,
 Gratia quas voluit, quas sibi Musa domum.
 Hic sese ostendunt prisca monumenta laboris,
 Queis usa est modulis Vitruviana Manus ;
 Hic stat Ventorum, Thesei hic venerabile Fanum,
 Hic arce in summâ, Casta Minerva, tuum.
Omnia

Omnia jam votis respondent. Attica jam sunt

Omnia. Personæ, Fabula, Scena, Sales.

Quoque etiam magis hæ nostræ lætentur Athenæ,

Cecropidas jactant Vos, recoluntque suos.

P R O L O G U S

I N A D E L P H O S, 1759.

CUM Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,

Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma suum,
 Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis
 Scenis extinctum condecorâsse ducem.

Ecquis adest, scenam nocte hæc qui spectet eandem,
 Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parem?

Utcunque arrisit pulchris victoria cæptis,
 Qua Sol extremas visit uterque plagas,

Successûs etiam medio de fonte Britannis
 Surgit amari aliquid, legitumusque dolor.

Si famæ generosa fitis, si bellica virtus,
 Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,

Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ
 Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,

Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile, jure
 Esto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus.

Nec moriere omnis.—Quin usque corona vigebit,
 Unanimis Britonûm quam tibi nectit amor.

Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
 Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.

Confluet

Confluet huc studio visendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari ;
Dumque legit mediis cecidisse heroa triumphis,
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS, 1759.

SYRUS LOQUITUR.

QUANTA intus turba est! quanto molimine sudat,
 Accinctus cultro et forcipe, quisque coquus!
 Monstrum informe maris—TESTUDO—in prandia
 fertur,

Quæ, varia, et simplex, omnia sola sapit.
 Pullina esca placet?—vitulina?—suilla?—bovina?
 Præsto est. Hæc quadrupes singula piscis habet.
 De gente Æthiopum conducitur Archimagirus,
 Qui secet, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.
 Qui doctè contundat aromata; misceat aptè
 Thus, apium, thyma, sal, cinnama, cepe, piper.
 Qui jecur et pulmonem in frustra minutula scindat,
 Curetque ut peccatus sint saturata mero.
 Multo ut ventriculus pulchrè flavescat ab ovo;
 Ut tremulus, circum viscera, vernet adeps.
 His ritè instructis conchæ sint fercula! nam Tu,
 TESTUDO! et patinis sufficis, atque cibo.
 Quam cuperem in laudes utriusque excurrere conchæ!
 Sed vereor *Calipash* dicere—vel *Calipee*.
 Vos etiam ad cænam mecum appellare juvaret;
 Vellum et reliquias participare dapum.
 At sunt convivæ tam multi, tamque gulosi,
 Restabit, metuo, nil nisi concha mihi.

RECTE STATUIT BAXTERUS DE
SOMNIORUM PHÆNOMENIS.

CUM nox tellurem fuscis amplectitur alis,
 Mabba atomos jungit celeres, et vecta per auras
 Inchoat affluetos simulatrix regia ludos.
 Huic auriga culex tortum quatit usque flagellum,
 Acceleratque fugam tardis; retinacula currûs
 Erucae sunt texta levis, radiique rotarum
 Cruscula areneoli; currus, quem dente sciurus
 Finxerat e coryli fructu, primæva vetustas
 Hunc Mabbæ artificem memorat: sub nocte silenti
 Hoc instructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.
 Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum perstringit Amantis;
 Somniat ille faces jaculari et vulnera ocellos,
 Malarum labrique rosas, perfusaque collo
 Lilia: mox Medici digitos titillat, avarus
 Mercedis dextram qui pandit, et acriter aurum
 Ter captat; ter vana manus eludit imago.
 Nunc quoque sopitæ demulcet labra Puellæ;
 Somniat illa procum, pulvinoque oscula libans
 Absens absentem teneris amplectitur ulnis;
 Væ tibi, si Lemurum videat Regina colorem
 Mentitum fuco, vultusque ex arte nitentes!
 Præcipites ager ira manus, lacerabit acuto

Vngue genas, simul amissâ dulcedine somni,
 Osculaque, et tenues vanescit amator in auras.
 Ampla Sacerdotis nonnunquam transvolat ora ;
 Continuo rostrum conscendens Hic thema trinas
 Dividet in partes, exponendoque laborat,
 Vel vigilem credas, adeo dormitat. Ad aures
 Militis hinc migrat ; turbatur imagine belli
 Fortiseques, gemitusque audit, strepitusque, tubasque,
 Exilit, et paulum trepidans, insomnia diris
 Devovet, in lecto prolabitur,—obdormiscit.
 Nunc Rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,
 Defensoris agit causam, actorisque peritus,
 Innectensque moras ad finem decipit ambos.
 Sin casu visat facilis regina Poetam,
 Hunc sibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,
 Et riguos fontes, et amænos somniat hortos ;
 Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,
 Viderit et tristis quam sit sibi curta supellex,
 Quam vellet semper dormire !—Volubilis inde
 Judices invehitur trans nasum, et naribus illi
 Emuncto subolet causa. Interdum Dea fesso.
 Blanditur Servo, qui libertate vagatur,
 Exultans redit ad patriam carosque penates,
 Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.
 Deinde rotâ strepitante fremit per colla Tyranni ;
 Umbrarum ante oculos surgit chorus, improbus orco
Quas

Quas dedit infantes ; furiis agitatur acerbis
 Conscia mens, lectoque quies simul exulat. Inde
 Si currus flectat, placidissima munera somni
 Quà carpit Sceleris Purus ; non territus ille
 Spectrorum est cætu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,
 Sed molli potitur requie, aut si somniat umbræ
 Delectant oculos gratæ ; prædulcis imago
 Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relictâ
 Radit iter liquidum cæli, fruiturque deorum
 Colloquio felix. O Tu ! quicumque beatum
 Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere somnum ;
 I, pete, quo virtus ducit ! ne vindice curru
 Mabba ferox instet, vexentque cubilia curæ.
 I, pete, quo virtus ducet ! te numine molli
 Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curru.

In Comitibus Posteribus, Apr. 5, 1753.

CARMINA AD NOBILISSUM THOMAM HOLLES
DUCEM DE NEWCASTLE INSCRIPTA, CUM
ACADEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM BIBLIOTHE-
CÆ RESTITUENDÆ CAUSA INVISERET.

Prid. Kalend. Maias, 1755.

D E R E G E.

AUGUSTUS, Artium usque fautor optimus,
Hic mœnia haud inauspicato numine
Condi imperavit consecrata literis,
Eo nitore & partium elegantia,
Ut invidenda sint vel illis Ædibus
Quæ sæculorum voce comprobantium
Præ cæteris superbiunt, justissima
Romæ recentis & vetustæ gloria.
Nec his supellex digna deerit mœnibus,
Et Vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula ;
Id Ille abundé caverat, novissimus
Dedit volenti jura qui Britannia.
Brunsvichianis scilicet sanctissimum est
Legesque tutari & fovere Literas.

A D

A D C A N C E L L A R I U M.

O Tu, qui doctas Cami feliciter artes
 Protegis, Aonii duxque decusque chori,
 Quod Domus incipiat tam læto hæc omine condi,
 Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum est.
 Munera dant numerosa manus procerumque pa-
 trumque,
 Exemplo & monitis exstimulata tuis.
 Perge fovere Artes, nec vanum urgere laborem :
 Tam pulchrum pulchrè Musa rependet opus.
 Hæc moles quanquam ipsa ruet; monumenta,
 Camenæ
 Quæ condent, nullo sunt ruitura die.

A N E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

B Y M R. G R A Y.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath

C A R M E N E L E G I A C U M,

IN CIMÆTERIO RUSTICO COMPOSITUM.

AUdistin ! quam lenta sonans campana per agros,
 Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
 Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
 Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.
 Solus ego in tenebris moror, & vestigia solus
 Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

Omnia pallescunt jam decedentia visu,
 Et terra & cœlum, qua patet, omne filet.
 Cuncta silent, nisi musca suam sub vespere fero
 Raucifonans pigram qua rotat orbe fugam ;
 Cuncta silent, nisi qua faciles campanula somnos
 Allicit, & lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quâque hedera antiquas sociâ complectitur umbrâ
 Turres, feralis lugubre cantat avis ;
 Et strepit ad lunam, si quis sub nocte vagetur
 Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

Has

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
Nor children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke !
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ
 Qua putris multo cespite turget humus,
 Dormit, in æternum dormit gens prisca colonûm,
 Quisque suâ angustâ conditus usque domo.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,
 Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
 Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrit hirundo
 Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,
 Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis
 Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
 Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
 Nec reditum expectans domini sub vespere sero
 Excoquet agrestes officiosa dapes;
 Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oscula proles,
 Nec reducem agnoscent æmula turba patrem.

Quam sæpe Hi rastris glebam fregere feracem !
 Sæpe horum cecidit falce resecta seges.
 Quam læti egerunt stridentia plaustra per agros,
 Et stimulis tardos increpuere boves !
 Horum sylvæ vetus quam concidit iccta bipenni,
 Quaque ruit laté vi tremefecit humum !

Ne

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps

Ne tamen Ambitio risu male læta maligno
 Sortemve, aut lusus, aut rude temnat opus !
 Nec fronte excipiat ventosa Superbia torvâ
 Pauperis annales, historiasque breves !

Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,
 Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere boni,
 Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem :
 Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ infimulare, Superbi,
 Quod domini ostendant nulla trophæa decus,
 Quà canit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,
 Clarosque ingeminant claustra profunda sonos.

An vanis inscripta notis angustior urna,
 Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
 An revocent animam fatali a sede fugacem ?
 Detque iterum vitâ posse priore frui ?
 Possit adulantum sermo penetrare sepulchrum ?
 Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire :
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th'

Forſan in hoc, olim divino ſemine prægnans
 Ingenii, hoc aliquis cespite dormit adhuc.
 Neglecto hoc forſan jaceat ſub cespite, ſceptra
 Cujus tractârint imperioſa manus.
 Vel quales ipſo forſan vel Apolline dignæ
 Pulſârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina præſcæ
 Nunquam divitias explicuere ſuas.
 Horum autem ingenium torpeſcere fecit egeſtas
 Aſpera, & anguſtæ fors inimica domi.

Multa ſub oceano pellucida gemma lateſcit,
 Et rudis ignotum fert & inane decus.
 Plurima neglectos fragrans roſa pandit odores,
 Ponit & occiduo pendula ſole caput.

Æmulus Hamdeni hic aliquis requieſcat agreſtis,
 Quem patriæ indignans exſtimulavit amor;
 Auſus hic exiguo eſt villæ oppugnare tyranno,
 Aſſerere et forti jura paterna manu.
 Aut mutus forſan, fatoque inglorius alter
 Hac vel Miltono par requieſcat humo.
 Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax,
 Qui patriam poterit vel jugulaſſe ſuam.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere senatum,
 Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,
 Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
 Historiam ex populi colligere ore suam,

Illorum vetuit fors improba,—nec tamen arcto
 Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,
 Verum etiam & vitia ulterius transire vetabat,
 Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare scelus.
 Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,
 Excipere et furdâ supplicis aure preces.

Sentire ingenuum nec dedidicere ruborem,
 Conscia suffusus quo notat ora pudor.
 Luxuriâ hi nunquam sese immergere superbâ,
 Nec Musæ his laudes prostituere suas.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
 Spectabant propriam sobria vota domum;
 Quisque sibi vivens, & sponte inglorius exul,
 Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

Hæc tamen a damno qui servet tutius ossa,
 En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem!
 Et vera agresti eliciunt suspiria corde
 Iucultæ effigies, indocilesque modi.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply

Atque locum suppleat elegorum nomen & anni

Quæ formâ inscribit rustica Musa rudi :

Multa etiam sacri diffundit commata textûs,

Quæ meditans discat vulgus agreste mori.

Heu, quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ

Jussus, et æternas jam subiturus aquas,

Descendit nigram ad noctem, cupidusque supremo

Non saltem occiduam respicit ore diem ?

Decedens alicui saltem mens fidit amico

In cujus blando pectore ponit opem,

Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte

Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas.

Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inscia flammæ,

Natura exclamat fida, memorque sui.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine sortem,

Et defunctorum rustica fata gemis,

Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat

Et fuerit qualis sors tua forte roget,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
“ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
“ His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
“ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
“ Muttering his wayward fancies he wou’d rove;
“ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
“ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
“ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree:
“ Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the woods was he.

“ The

Huic aliquis forsan senior respondeat ultro,
 Cui niveis al bent tempora sparsa comis,
 Vidimus hunc quam sæpe micantes roribus herbas
 Verrentem rapido, manè rubente, gradu.
 Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,
 Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

Sæpe sub hac fago, radices undique circum
 Quæ varie antiquas implicat alta suas,
 Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æstu,
 Lustraretque inhians flebile murmur aquæ.

Sæpius hanc sylvam propter viridesque recessus
 Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,
 Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,
 Musarumque frequens sollicitaret opem.
 Jam veluti demens, tacitis erraret in agris,
 Aut cujus stimulat corda repulsus amor.

Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos,
 Nec juga, nec saliens fons, tacitumve nemus;
 Altera lux oritur; nec apertâ hic valle videtur,
 Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

Tertia

" The next with dirges due, in sad array,
" Slow through the church-yard path we saw him
born,
" Approach and read (for thou can't read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE

Tertia successit—lentoque exangue cadaver
Ecce sepulchrali est pompa secuta gradu.
Tu lege, namque potes, cælatum in marmore carmen,
Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis.

T H E E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

SONG,

E P I T A P H I U M.

CUI nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda,
 Congesto hoc juvenem cespite servat humus.
 Huic tamen arrisit jucunda Scientia vultu,
 Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura sibi.

Largus opum fuit, & sincero pectore fretus,
 Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.
 Indoluit miserans inopi, lacrymasque profudit.
 —Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit.
 A cœlo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,
 Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,
 Nec vitia ex sacrâ sede referre petas.
 Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter spe condita restant,
 In gremio Patris scilicet atque Dei.

C A R-

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY*.

FLutt'ring spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart ;
I a slave in thy dominions ;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth :
Him the Boar in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre ;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers :
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir !

* From Pope's Works.

C A R M E N E L E G A N S.

TUQUE adeo roseas expande volatilis alas,
Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.
Imperiis, pulchelle, tuis ego servulus ultro;
Naturam ars victrix scilicet usque domat.

Arcades, æterno viridantes flore juventæ,
Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,
Aspicite, ut sensim languens juvenilior ætas,
Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam florea faxes perit!

Ante omnes carum sic flevit Adonida Cypris,
Deceptusque Deam tristius uffit Amor;
Hunc, tacitè adrepens per densa silentia noctis
Incautum sævo dente momordit Aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchre Prudentia ludens,
Harmoniæque graves, Cynthia, funde modos!
Doctæ ambæ vigiles curas sopire canendo,
Tuque tuum imperti, Præses Apollo, chorum!

Tuque

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elyfian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Mæander.
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping ;
Melody resigns to fate.

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton, armate catenis,
 O Tu Terrorum Rex, metuende Deus,
 Duc me, qua passim chrystallina flumina currunt,
 Elysique lavat lucida lympha nemus.

Vos etiam mæsti falices, tristesque cupressi,
 Aureliæ æternum ferta dicata meæ ;
 Audi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidissime Morpheu,
 Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Triste fluens, sed lene fluens, Mæander, amæno
 Murmure qui cursum flexilis orbe rotas !
 Margine sæpe etiam quam plurimus erat amator,
 Cui tua submitunt florea dona decus.

Sic quando sensim languens Philomela, silentem
 Mollior aggreditur, nec sine voce, procum ;
 Aspice, de cœlo interea Junonius ales
 Descendens, fato cedit inane Melos.

PART OF HOMER'S
HYMN TO APOLLO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

GOD of the Bow ! Apollo, thee I sing ;
Thee, as thou draw'st amain the sounding string,
Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.
All but Latona : She with mighty Jove
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love ;
Closes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,
And high amid th' æthereal dome suspends,
Then smiling leads thee, her all-glorious son,
To share the mighty Thunderer's awful throne.
Goblets of nectar thy glad fire prepares,
And thee, his fairest, noblest son declares ;
While ev'ry god sits rapt, Latona's breast
Beats with superior joy, and hails her son confess.

Thrice blest Latona ! from thee, Goddess,
sprung
Diana chaste, and Phœbus ever-young :

* Her

* Her in Ortygia's isle, and Him you bore
 At Cynthus' hill on Delos' sea-girt shore,
 Where the tall palm uprears its lovely head,
 And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead.

O Phœbus, where shall I begin thy praise?
 Well can'st thou rule the poet's artless lays.
 Oft on the craggy rock, or mountain hoar,
 By river side, or on the sea's hoarse shore,
 Wand'ring well-pleas'd, with music's magic sound,
 And airs divine, thou charm'st the region round.
 Say, shall I sing how first on Delos' shore,
 Thee, glorious progeny, Latona bore †?
 How first, from other isles, beset with grief,
 In vain thy tortur'd mother sought relief.
 Each to her out-cast woe denied abode,
 Nor durst one isle receive the future god.
 At length to Delos came the lab'ring fair,
 And suppliant thus besought her needful care.

Delos! receive Apollo, and O! raise
 A glorious temple to record his praise!

* Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different Islands in the Original.

† Here several verses containing nothing but a mere list of the names of islands are omitted.

Then shall He govern thee with gentle sway,
 And only Phœbus shall thine isle obey.
 What though no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,
 Nor plants of thousand natures shall be thine,
 Swift to the temple of the Bowyer-king*,
 Oblations rich shall ev'ry nation bring;
 For ever from thy altars shall arise
 The fragrant incense of burnt-sacrifice.
 No longer then regret thy barren soil,
 Receive the God, and live by other's toil!

She spake: with inward rapture Delos smil'd,
 And sooth'd the suppliant pow'r with answer mild.

Latona! mighty Cæus' daughter fair,
 Full willingly wou'd Delos ease thy care,
 Full willingly behold her barren earth
 Witness the glories of Apollo's birth:
 The mighty God wou'd raise my lowly name,
 And consecrate his native isle to fame.
 One fear alone distracts my beating heart;
 That fear, O Goddess, list while I impart.

* *Bowyer-king* and *Bowyer-god* are expressions frequently used by Dryden, in his version of the first Iliad, to signify Apollo.

Second to none amid th' æthereal skies,
 Apollo soon all terrible shall rise :
 All nations shall adore the mighty God,
 And kings and kingdoms tremble at his nod.
 Haply (for ah ! dire fears my soul infest,
 And fill with horror my tumultuous breast)
 Soon as the glorious Godhead shall be born,
 My desert region will he view with scorn,
 Indignant spurn me, curse my barren soil,
 And plunge into the waves my hated isle.
 Triumphant then to happier climes remove,
 There fix his shrine, plant there his sacred grove.
 Whelm'd in the briny main shall Delos lay,
 To all the finny brood a wretched prey.
 But, O Latona ! if, to quell my fear,
 You'll deign a solemn sacred oath to swear,
 That here the God his glorious seat shall hold,
 And here his sapient oracles unfold,
 Your sacred burthen here, Latona, lay,
 Here view the Godhead bursting into day.

Thus Delos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,
 But soon with solemn vows thus ratified :
 Witness O heaven and earth ! O Stygian lake !
 Dire adjuration, that no God may break !

In Delos shall Apollo's shrine be rear'd,
 Delos, his best lov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd.

Thus vow'd Latona : Delos hail'd her earth
 Blest in the glories of Apollo's birth.
 Nine hapless days and nights, with writhing throes,
 And all the anguish of a mother's woes,
 Latona tortur'd lay ; in sorrowing mood,
 Around her many a sister-goddess stood.
 Aloft in heaven imperial Juno sat,
 And view'd relentless her unhappy fate.
 Lucina too, the kind assuaging pow'r
 That tends the lab'ring mother's child bed hour,
 And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds
 High on Olympus' top the Goddess shrouds.
 Her large full eyes with indignation roll,
 And livid envy seiz'd her haughty soul,
 That from Latona's loins was doom'd to spring
 So great a son, the mighty Bowyer-king.
 The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair
 View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,
 Fair Iris sent, the many colour'd maid,
 To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid.
 But charg'd her heed, lest Juno should prevent
 With prohibition dire their kind intent.

Fleet

Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair
 With nimble pinion cut the liquid air.
 Olympus gain'd, apart she call'd the maid,
 Then fought with many a pray'r her needful aid,
 And mov'd her soul: when soon with dove-like pace
 Swiftly they measur'd back the viewless airy space.

Soon as to Delos' isle Lucina came
 The pangs of travail seiz'd Latona's frame.
 Her twining arms she threw the palm around,
 And prest with deep-indented knee the ground:
 Then into day sprung forth the jolly boy,
 Earth smil'd beneath, and heaven rang with joy.

The Sister Pow'rs that round Latona stood
 With chaste ablutions cleans'd the infant-god.
 His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,
 And gently drew a golden swathe around.
 He hung not helpless at his mother's breast,
 But Themis fed him with an heavenly feast.
 Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,
 And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,
 The lusty babe, strong with ambrosial food,
 In vain their bonds or golden swathes withstood,
 Bonds, swathes, and ligaments with ease he broke,
 And thus the wondring Deities bespoke;

“ The lyre, and founding bow, and to declare
 “ The Thund’rer’s counsels, be Apollo’s care !”

He spake ; and onwards all majestic strode ;
 The Queens of Heaven awe-struck view’d the God.
 Delos beheld him with a tender smile,
 And hail’d, enrich’d with gold, her happy isle ;
 Her happy isle, Apollo’s native seat,
 His sacred haunt, his best-belov’d retreat.
 Grac’d with Apollo, Delos glorious shines,
 As the tall mountain crown’d with stately pines.

Now stony Cynthus wou’d the God ascend,
 And now his course to various islands bend.
 Full many a fane, and rock, and shady grove,
 River, and mountain did Apollo love ;
 But chiefly Delos : The Ionians there,
 With their chaste wives and prattling babes, repair.
 There gladly celebrate Apollo’s name
 With many a solemn rite and sacred game ;
 The jolly dance and holy hymn prepare,
 And with the Cæstus urge the manly war.
 If, when their sacred feast th’ Ionians hold,
 Their gallant sports a stranger shou’d behold,
 View the strong nerves the brawny chiefs that brace,
 Or eye the softer charms of female grace ;

Then

Then mark their riches of a thousand kinds,
 And their tall ships born swift before the winds,
 So goodly to the sight wou'd all appear,
 The fair assembly Gods he wou'd declare.
 There too the Delian Virgins, beauteous choir,
 Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre ;
 To Phœbus first they consecrate the lays,
 Latona then and chaste Diana praise,
 Then heroes old, and matrons chaste rehearse,
 And sooth the raptur'd heart with sacred verse.
 Each voice, the Delian maids, each human sound
 With aptest imitation sweet resound :
 Their tongues so justly tune with accents new,
 That none the false distinguish from the true.

Latona ! Phœbus ! Dian, lovely fair !
 Blest Delian nymphs, Apollo's chiefest care,
 All hail ! and O with praise your poet crown,
 Nor all his labours in oblivion drown !
 If haply some poor pilgrim shall enquire,
 " O, virgins, who most skilful smites the lyre ?
 " Whose lofty verse in sweetest descant rolls,
 " And charms to extasy the hearers souls ?"
 O answer, a blind bard in Chios dwells,
 In all the arts of verse who far excells.

Then

Then o'er the earth shall spread my glorious fame,
 And distant Nations shall record my name.
 But Phœbus never will I cease to sing,
 Latona's noble son, the mighty Bowyer-king.

Thee Lycia and Mæonia, thee, great Pow'r,
 The blest Miletus' habitants adore;
 But thy lov'd haunt is sea-girt Delos' shore. }

Now Pytho's stony soil Apollo treads,
 And all around ambrosial fragrance sheds,
 Then strikes with matchless art the golden strings,
 And ev'ry hill with heavenly musick rings.

Olympus now and the divine abodes
 Glorious he seeks, and mixes with the Gods.
 Each heavenly bosom pants with fond desire
 To hear the lofty verse and golden lyre.
 Drawn by the magic sound, the Virgin-Nine
 With warblings sweet the sacred minstrel join:
 Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund
 lays

Full sweetly carol bounteous heaven's praise;
 And now in dirges sad, and numbers slow
 Relate the piteous tale of human woe;

Woe,

Woe, by the Gods on wretched mortals cast,
 Who vainly shun affliction's wintry blast,
 And all in vain attempt with fond delay
 Death's certain shaft to ward, or chase old age
 away.

The Graces there, and smiling Hours are seen,
 And Cytherea, laughter-loving queen,
 And Harmony, and Hebe, lovely band,
 To sprightliest measures dancing hand in hand.
 There, of no common port or vulgar mien,
 With heavenly radiance, shines the Huntress-
 Queen,
 Warbles responsive to the golden lyre,
 Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir.
 There Mars and Mercury with aukward play,
 And uncouth gambols, waste the live-long day.

There as Apollo moves with graceful pace
 A thousand glories play around his face;
 In splendor drest he joins the festive band,
 And sweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.
 Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove
 Eye the bright Godhead with parental love;

And,

And, as the Deities around him play,
Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port
survey*.

* The translator, when he begun this piece, had some thoughts of giving a complete English version of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet translated; but (to say nothing of his opinion of this specimen of his translation) fearing that this species of poetry, though it has its beauties, and does not want admirers among the learned, would appear far less agreeable to the mere English reader, he desisted. They, who would form the justest idea of this sort of composition among the ancients, may be better informed, by perusing Dr. Akenfide's most classical Hymn to the Naiads, than from any translation of Homer or Callimachus.

FROM

F R O M C A T U L L U S.

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,
Still calls me faucy, pert, and rude,
And sometimes almost strikes me;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
Spite of the knitting of her brow,
I'm very sure she likes me.

Ask you me, why I fancy thus?
Why, I have call'd her jilt, and pufs,
And thought myself above her;
And yet I feel it, to my cost,
That when I rail against her most,
I'm very sure I love her.

THE FIRST BOOK OF
THE HENRIADE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

THY chieftain, France, of try'd illustrious worth,
By right of conquest king, by right of birth,
I sing. Who, tutor'd in misfortune's school,
There learnt the noblest science, how to Rule ;
Bad Faction's furious discord cease to rave,
Valiant to conquer, merciful to save ;
Baffled the daring League's rebellious schemes,
MAYENNE's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitious
dreams :

With civil prudence blest, with martial fire,
A nation's conqueror, and a nation's fire.

Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyræan height
Descend, and with thy strong and purest light
My verse illumine ! and O, let mortals hear
Thy sacred word, and awfully revere !

Be

Be thou my guide ! thy sage experience brings
 Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.
 'Tis thine, blest maid, and only thine, to show
 What most befits the regal pow'r to know.
 Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,
 And shew what ills from civil discord rise !
 Nor spare with decent boldness to disclose
 The prince's errors, and the people's woes :
 And O ! if fable e'er, in times of yore,
 Mix'd her soft accents with thy sterner lore,
 If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,
 And o'er thy front her milder graces spread ;
 If e'er her shades, which lovingly unite,
 Bad thy fair form spring stronger into light,
 With me, permit her all thy steps to trace,
 Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace !

Still VALOIS reign'd, and sunk in pleasure's bow'r,
 O'er a mad state held loose the reigns of pow'r :
 The trampled Law had lost its ancient force,
 And Right confounded, miss'd her even course.
 'Twas thus when VALOIS France's sceptre bore,
 Scepter'd indeed, but now a king no more ;
 Not glory's minion now, the voice of fame,
 Swell'd the loud trumpet to the hero's name ;

His

His laurel's wither'd, and all blasted now,
 Which conquest hung upon his infant brow;
 Whose progress Europe mark'd with conscious fear,
 Whose loss provok'd his country's common tear,
 When, the long train of all his virtues known,
 The North admiring call'd him to the throne.
 In second rank, the light which strikes the eyes,
 Rais'd to the first, grows dim, and feebly dies.
 From war's stern soldier, active, firm, and brave,
 He sunk a monarch, pleasure's abject slave.
 Lull'd with soft ease, forgetful all of state,
 His weakness totter'd with a kingdom's weight;
 Whilst lost in sloth, and dead to glorious fame,
 The sons of riot govern'd in his name.
 QUELUS, St. MAIGRIN, death-cemented pair,
 JOYEUSE the gay, and D' ESPERNON the fair,
 The careless king in pleasure plung'd with these,
 In lust intemperate, and lethargic ease.

Mean time, the GUISES, fortunate and brave,
 Catch'd the fair moment which his weakness gave.
 Then rose the fatal League in evil hour,
 That dreadful rival of his waning pow'r.
 The people blind, their sacred Monarch brav'd,
 Led by those Tyrants, who their rights enslav'd.

His

His friends forsook him, helpless and alone,
 His servants chas'd him from his royal throne;
 Revolted Paris, deaf to kingly awe,
 Within her gates the crouding stranger saw.
 Through all the city burst rebellion's flame;
 And all was lost, when virtuous BOURBON came;
 Came, full of warlike ardour, to restore
 That light his prince, deluded, had no more.
 His active presence breath'd an instant flame;
 No longer now the sluggish sons of shame,
 Onward they press, where glory calls, to arms,
 And spring to War from Pleasure's silken charms:
 To Paris' gates both kings advance amain,
 Rome felt th' alarm, and trembled haughty Spain:
 While Europe, watching where the tempest falls,
 With anxious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.

Within was DISCORD, with her hell-born train,
 Stirring to war the League, and haughty MAYNE,
 The people, and the church: and from on high
 Call'd out to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.
 DISCORD, dread monster, deaf to human woe,
 To her own subjects an avengeful foe,
 Bloody, impetuous, eager to destroy,
 In man's misfortune sounds her hateful joy;

To neither party ought of mercy shown,
 Well-pleas'd she stabs the dagger in her own ;
 Dwells a fierce tyrant in the breast she fires,
 And smiles to punish what herself inspires.

West of the city, near those borders gay,
 Where Seine obliquely winds her sloping way,
 (Scenes now, where pleasure's soft retreats are found,
 Where triumphs art, and nature smiles around,
 Then, by the will of fate, the bloody stage
 For war's stern combat and relentless rage)
 Th' unhappy VALOIS bad his troops advance,
 There rush'd at once the generous strength of France.
 A thousand heroes, eager for the fight,
 By sects divided, from revenge unite.
 These virtuous BOURBON leads, their chosen guide,
 Their cause confederate, and their hearts allied.
 It seem'd the army felt one common flame,
 Their zeal, religion, cause, and chief the same.

The sacred LOUIS, sire of BOURBON's race,
 From azure skies, beside the throne of grace,
 With holy joy beheld his future heir,
 And ey'd the Hero with paternal care ;
 With such as prophets feel, a blest presage,
 He saw the virtues of his ripening age :

Saw

Saw Glory round him all her laurels deal,
 Yet wail'd his errors, tho' he lov'd his zeal;
 With eye prophetic he beheld e'en now,
 The crown of France adorn his royal brow;
 He knew the wreath was destin'd which they gave,
 More will'd the Saint, the light which shines to save.

Still HENRY's steps mov'd onward to the throne,
 By secret ways, e'en to himself unknown.
 His help from Heaven the Holy Prophet sent,
 But hid the arm his wise indulgence lent;
 Left sure of conquest, he had slack'd his flame,
 Nor grappl'd danger for the meed of fame.

Already MARS had donn'd his coat of mail,
 And doubtful Conquest held her even scale;
 Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,
 And slaughter'd heaps in wild confusion lay,
 When VALOIS thus his part'ner king address'd,
 The sigh deep-heaving from his anxious breast.

" You see what fate, what humbling fate is mine,
 " Nor yet alone,—the injury is thine.
 " The dauntless League, by hardy Chieftains led,
 " Which hisses faction with her Hydra head,

“ Boldly confederate by a desperate oath,
 “ Aims not at me alone, but strikes at both:
 “ Tho’ I long since the regal circle wear,
 “ Tho’ thou by rank succeed my rightful heir,
 “ Paris disowns us, nor will homage bring
 “ To me their present, you their future king.
 “ Thine, well they know the next illustrious claim,
 “ From law, from birth, and deeds of loudest fame;
 “ Yet from that throne’s hereditary right
 “ Where I but totter, wou’d exclude thee quite.
 “ Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,
 “ And holy councils join her firm decree:
 “ ROME, tho’ she raise no soldier’s martial band,
 “ Yet kindles war thro’ every awe-struck land;
 “ Beneath her banners bids each host repair,
 “ And trusts her thunder to the Spaniard’s care,
 “ Far from my hopes each summer friend is flown,
 “ No subjects hail me on my sacred throne;
 “ No kindred now the kind affection shows,
 “ All fly, their king, abandon, or oppose:
 “ Rich in my spoils, with greedy treacherous haste,
 “ While the base Spaniard lays my country waste.
 “ Midst foes like these, abandon’d, and betray’d,
 “ France in her turn shall seek a foreign aid:
 “ Shall Britain’s court by secret methods try,
 “ And win ELIZA for a firm ally.

“ Of

- “ Of old I know between each pow’rful state,
 “ Subsists a jealous and immortal hate ;
 “ That London lifts its tow’ring front on high,
 “ And looks on Paris with a rival eye ;
 “ But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,
 “ Have now no subjects, and no country own :
 “ Vengeance alone my stern resolves avow,
 “ Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.
 “ The snail-pac’d agents, whose deliberate way,
 “ Creeps on in trammels of prescrib’d delay,
 “ Such fit not now ; ’tis You, great Prince, alone
 “ Must haste a suppliant to ELIZA’s throne.
 “ Your voice alone shall needful succours bring,
 “ And arm Britannia for an injur’d king.
 “ To Albion hence, and let thy happier name
 “ Plead the king’s cause, and raise their generous
 flame !
 “ My foes’ defeat upon thy arm depends,
 “ But from thy virtues I must hope for friends.”

Thus spoke the king, while HENRY’s looks confess
 The jealous ardour which inflam’d his breast,
 Left others’ arms might urge their glorious claim,
 And ravish from him half the meed of fame.
 With deep regret the Hero number’d o’er
 The wreaths of glory he had won before ;

When, without succours, without skill's intrigue,
 Himself with CONDE shook the trembling League,
 When those command, who hold the regal sway,
 It is a subject's virtue to obey.
 Resolv'd to follow what the King commands,
 The blows, suspended, fell not from his hands;
 He rein'd the ardour of his noble mind,
 And parting left the gather'd wreaths behind.
 Th' astonish'd army felt a deep concern,
 Fate seem'd depending on the Chief's return.
 His absence still unknown, the pent-up foe
 In dire expectance dread the sudden blow;
 While VALOIS' troops still feel their hero's flame,
 And virtue triumphs in her HENRY's name.

Of all his fav'rites, none their chief attend,
 Save MORNAY brave, his soul's familiar friend.
 MORNAY of steady faith, and manners plain,
 And truth, untainted with the flatt'ers strain;
 Rich in desert, of valour rarely tried,
 A virtuous champion, tho' on error's side;
 With signal prudence blest, with patriot zeal
 Firm to his church, and to the public weal;
 Censor of courtiers, but by courts belov'd,
 Rome's fierce assailant, and by Rome approv'd.

Across

Across two rocks, where with tremendous roar,
 The foaming ocean lashes either shore,
 To Dieppe's strong port the Hero's steps repair,
 The ready sailors ply their busy care.
 The tow'ring ships, old ocean's lordly kings,
 Aloft in air display their canvas wings;
 Not swell'd by Boreas now, the glassy seas
 Flow'd calmly on, with Zephyr's gentle breeze.
 Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly shore,
 And land receding greets their eyes no more.
 Jocund they sail'd, and Albion's chalky height
 At distance rose full fairly to the sight.
 When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted pole,
 Loud roar the winds, and seas tempestuous roll:
 The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,
 And all around reigns horror and despair.
 No partial fear the Hero's bosom knows,
 Which only trembled for his country's woes,
 It seem'd his looks toward her in silence bent,
 Accus'd the winds, which cross'd his great intent.
 So CÆSAR, striving for a conquer'd world,
 Near Epire's banks, with adverse tempests hurl'd,
 Trusting, undaunted, and securely brave,
 Rome's and the world's fate to the swelling wave.
 Tho' leagu'd with POMPEY NEPTUNE's self engage,
 Oppos'd his fortune to dull Ocean's rage.

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Mean time that God, whose power the tempest
 binds,
 Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,
 That God, whose wisdom, which presides o'er all,
 Can raise, protect, or crush this earthly ball,
 From his bright throne, beyond the starry skies,
 Beheld the Hero with considering eyes,
 God was his guide, and 'mid the tempest's roar
 The tossing vessel reach'd the neighbouring shore ;
 Where Jersey rises from the ocean's bed,
 There, heaven-conducted, was the Hero led.

At a small distance from the shore, there stood
 The growth of many years, a shadowy wood.
 A neighbouring rock the calm retirement faves
 From the rude blasts, and hoarse-resounding waves.
 A grotto stands behind, whose structure knows
 The simple grace, which nature's hand bestows.
 Here far from court remov'd, a holy Sage
 Spent the mild evening of declining age,
 While free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,
 His only study was himself to know :
 Here mus'd, regretting on his mispent days,
 Or lost in love, or pleasure's flowry maze.
 No gusts of folly swell the dangerous tide,
 While all his passions to a calm subside ;

The

The bubble life he held an empty dream,
 His food the simple herb, his drink the stream ;
 Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,
 And look'd with patience toward the port of death,
 When the pure soul to blissful realms shall soar,
 And join with God himself to part no more.
 The God he worshipp'd ey'd the zealous Sage,
 And blest'd with wisdom's lore his silver'd age :
 Gave him the skill of prophecy to know,
 And from fate's volume read events below.

The Sage with conscious joy the Prince address'd,
 And spread the table for his royal guest ;
 The prompt repast, which simple nature suits,
 The stream's fresh water, and the forest's roots.
 Not unaccustom'd to the homely fare,
 The Warrior sat ; for oft from busy care,
 From courts retir'd, and pomp's fastidious pride,
 The Hero dar'd to throw the king aside :
 And in the rustic cot well-pleas'd partook
 Of labour's mean repast, and chearful look ;
 Found in himself the joys to kings unknown
 And self depos'd forgot the lordly throne.

The world's contention to their minds supplies
 Much converse, wholesome to the good and wise.

Much

Much did they talk of woes in human life,
 Of Christian kingdoms torn with jarring strife.
 The zeal of MORNAY, like a stubborn fort,
 Attach'd to Calvin stood his firm support.
 HENRY, still doubting, fought th' indulgent skies,
 That lights' clear ray might burst upon his eyes,
 " Must then, said he, the truth be always found,
 " To mortals weak with mists encompass'd round?
 " Must I still err, my way in darkness trod,
 " Nor know the path which leads me to my God?
 " If all alike he will'd us to obey,
 " The God who will'd it, had prescrib'd the way.

" Let us not vainly GOD's designs explore!
 " (The Sage reply'd) be humble, and adore!
 " Arraign not madly heav'n's unerring laws
 " For faults, where mortals are themselves the cause.
 " These aged eyes beheld in days of yore,
 " When Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic shore,
 " Then, tho' with blood it now distains the earth,
 " Creeping in shade and humble in the birth,
 " I saw it banish'd by religion's laws,
 " Without one friend to combat in the cause.
 " Thro' ways oblique I saw the phantom tread,
 " Slow winding, and agham'd to rear her head,
 " 'Till,

“ ’Till, at the last, upheld by pow’rful arms,
 “ ’Midst cannon’s thunder, and ’mid war’s alarms,
 “ Burst forth the Monster in the glare of light,
 “ With tow’ring front full dreadful to the sight;
 “ To scowl at mortals from her tyrant seat,
 “ And spurn our altars at her impious feet.
 “ Far then from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,
 “ I wail’d Religion’s and my Country’s lot;
 “ Yet here, to comfort my declining days,
 “ Some dawn of hope presents its chearful rays.
 “ So new a worship cannot long survive,
 “ Which man’s caprice alone has kept alive.
 “ With that it rose, with that shall die away,
 “ Man’s works and Man are bubbles of a day.
 “ The GOD, who reigns for ever and the same,
 “ At pleasure blasts a world’s presumptuous aim.
 “ Vain is our malice, vain our strength display’d,
 “ To sap the city his right hand hath made;
 “ Himself hath fix’d the strong foundations low,
 “ Which brave the wreck of time, and hell’s in-
 “ veterate blow :

“ The Lord of Lords shall bless thy purged sight
 “ With bright effulgence of diviner light;
 “ On thee, Great Prince, his mercies he’ll bestow,
 “ And shed that Truth thy bosom pants to know.

“ THAT

“ THAT GOD hath chose thee, and his hand alone
“ Safe through the war shall lead thee to a throne.
“ Conquest already (for his voice is fate,)
“ For thee bids Glory ope her golden gate.
“ If on thy sight the Truth unnotic'd falls,
“ Hope not admission in thy Paris' walls.
“ Tho' splendid Ease invite thee to her arms,
“ O shun, Great Prince, the Syren's poison'd charms!
“ O'er thy strong passions hold a glorious reign,
“ Fly love's soft lap, break pleasure's silken chain!
“ And when, with efforts strong, all foes o'erthrown,
“ A League's great conqueror, and what's more
“ Your Own,
“ When, with united hearts, and triumph's voice,
“ Thy people hail thee with one common choice,
“ From a dread siege, to fame for ever known,
“ To mount with glory thy paternal throne,
“ That time, Affliction shall lay by her rod,
“ And thy glad eyes shall seek thy father's GOD:
“ Then shalt thou see from whence thy arms prevail.
“ Go, Prince—WHO TRUSTS IN GOD—can
“ never fail.”

Each word the Sage's holy lips impart,
Falls, like a flame, on HENRY's generous heart.

The

The Hero stood transported in his mind
 To times, when GOD held converse with mankind,
 When simple virtue taught her heav'n-born pre,
 And Truth commanding bid e'en kings adore.
 His eager arms the reverend Sage embrace,
 And the warm tear fast trickled down his face.
 Untouch'd, yet lost awhile in deep surprise,
 Stood MORNAY brave; for still on MORNAY's eyes
 Hung error's mist, and GOD's high will conceal'd
 The gifts from him to HENRY's breast reveal'd.
 His wisdom idly wou'd the world prefer,
 Whose lot, tho' rich in virtues, was to err.
 While the wrapt Sage fulfilling GOD's behest,
 Spoke inspiration to the Prince's breast,
 Hush'd were the winds, within their caverns bound,
 Smooth flow'd the seas, and nature smil'd around.
 The Sage his guide, the Hero fought his way
 Where the tall vessels safe at anchor lay:
 The ready sailors quit the friendly strand,
 Hoist the glad sails, and make for Albion's land.

While o'er her coast his eyes admiring range,
 He prais'd in silence Britain's happier change:
 Where laws abus'd by foul intestine foes,
 Had erst entail'd a heap of dreadful woes

On

On prince and people ; on that bloody stage,
 Where slaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage ;
 On that bright throne, from whence descended
 springs,
 Th' illustrious lineage of a hundred kings,
 Like HENRY, long in adverse fortune school'd,
 O'er willing English hearts a WOMAN rul'd :
 And, rich in manly courage, female grace,
 Clos'd the long lustre of her crouded race.
 ELIZA then, in Britain's happiest hour,
 Held the just balance of contending pow'r ;
 Made English subjects bow the willing knee,
 Who will not serve, and are not happy free.
 Beneath her sacred reign the nation knows
 No sad remembrance of its former woes ;
 Their flocks securely graz'd the fertile plain,
 Their garners bursting with their golden grain.
 The stately ships, their swelling sails unfurl'd,
 Brought wealth and homage from the distant world :
 All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,
 Dreaded by land, and monarch of the sea.
 Wide o'er the waves her fleet exulting rode,
 And fortune triumph'd over Ocean's GOD.
 Proud London now, no more of barbarous fame,
 To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.

Her

Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together fate,
 King, Lords, and Commons, in their threefold state.
 Though separate each their several interest draw,
 Yet all united form the stedfast law.

All three, one body's members, firm and fit,
 Make but one pow'r in strong conjunction knit;
 Pow'r to itself of danger often found,
 But spreading terror to its neighbours round.
 Blest, when the people duty's homage show,
 And pay their king the tribute which they owe!
 More blest, when kings for milder virtues known,
 Protect their people's freedom from the throne!

" Ah when, cry'd BOURBON, shall our discord cease,
 " Our glory, Albion, rise, like thine, in peace?
 " Blush, blush, ye kings, ye lords of jarring states,
 " A Woman bids, and War hath clos'd its gates:
 " YOUR countries bleed with factious rage oppress'd,
 " While SHE reigns happy o'er a people blest."

Mean time the Hero reach'd the sea-girt isle,
 Where freedom bids eternal plenty smile;
 Not far from William's Tow'r at distance seen,
 Stood the fam'd palace of the Virgin Queen.
 Hither, the faithful MORNAY at his side,
 Without the noise and pageant pomp of pride,

The

The toys of grandeur which the vain pursue,
 But glare unheeded to the Hero's view,
 The Prince arriv'd: With bold and manly sense
 He spoke, his frankness, all his eloquence;
 Told his sad tale, and bow'd his lofty heart,
 For France's woes, to act submission's part;
 For needful aids the British Queen address'd,
 While in the suppliant shone the king confess'd.

" Com'st thou, reply'd the Queen, with strange
 " surprise,

" Com'st thou from VALOIS for the wish'd allies?

" Ask'st thou protection for a tyrant foe,

" Whose deadly hate work'd all thy fortune's woe?

" Far as the golden sun begins to rise,

" To where he drives adown the western skies,

" His strife and Thine to all the world is known:

" Stand'st thou for Him a friend at Britain's throne?

" And is that hand, which VALOIS oft hath fear'd,

" Arm'd in his cause, and for his vengeance rear'd?"

When thus the Prince: " A monarch's adverse fate

" Wipes all remembrance out of former hate.

" VALOIS was then a slave, his passion's slave,

" But now himself a monarch firm and brave;

" He bursts at once the ignominious chain,

" Resumes the Hero, and asserts his reign.

" Blest,

" Blest, if of nature more assur'd and free,
 " He'd fought no aid but from himself and me !
 " But, led by fraud, and arts, all insincere,
 " He was my foe from weakness and from fear.
 " His faults die with me, when his woes I view,
 " I've gain'd the conquest — grant me vengeance,
 " You !

" For know the work is thine, Illustrious Dame,
 " To deck thy Albion's brows with worthiest fame.
 " Let thy protection spread her ready wings,
 " And fight with me the injur'd cause of Kings !"

ELIZA then, for much she wish'd to know,
 The various turns of France's long-felt woe,
 Whence rising first the civil discord came,
 And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame —

" To me, Great Prince, thy griefs are not unknown,
 " Though brought imperfect, and by Fame alone;
 " Whose rapid wing too indiscreetly flies,
 " And spreads abroad her indigested lies.
 " Deaf to her tales, from thee, Illustrious Youth,
 " From thee alone ELIZA seeks the truth.
 " Tell me, for you have witness'd all the woe,
 " VALOIS' brave friend, or VALOIS conquering foe,
 " Say, whence this friendship, this alliance grew,
 " Which knits the happy bond 'twixt him and you;

“ Explain this wond’rous change, ’tis you alone
“ Can paint the virtues which yourself hath shown.
“ Teach me thy woes, for know thy story brings
“ A moral lesson to the pride of kings.”

“ And must my memory then, Illustrious Queen,
“ Recal the horrors of each dreadful scene ?
“ O had it pleas’d th’ Almighty Pow’r (which
“ knows,
“ How my heart bleeds o’er all my country’s woes)
“ Oblivion then had snatch’d them from the light,
“ And hid them buried in eternal night.
“ Nearest of blood must I aloud proclaim,
“ The princes’ madness, and expose their shame ?
“ Reflection shakes my mind with wild dismay—
“ But ’tis ELIZA’s will, and I obey.
“ Others, in speaking, from their smooth address
“ Might make their weakness or their crimes seem
“ less :
“ The flow’ry art was never made for me,
“ I speak a soldier’s language, plain and free.”

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243
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